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A  
REVIEW  
OF THE  
LITERARY HISTORY OF GERMANY,  
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD  
TO THE  
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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## TO THE READER.

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IN our essentially progressive age, the study of modern languages and foreign literature has become a necessity, from the more frequent and rapid intercourse between nations, and a duty, on account of the civilizing consequences accruing therefrom. British authors, fully comprehending this, have of late directed their attention to modern literature, and pointed out its merits in a manner and with a talent exciting at once the admiration and gratitude of all lovers of mental progress. It is natural that in doing so, they should not have forgotten a literature kindred to theirs, and not inferior to any other in mental treasures. Having witnessed myself in this country for some time past the growing interest felt for German literature, I thought, that a review of its history, however condensed, might prove acceptable to the English student. In the grouping of the various Eras, I have adopted the plan followed by Dr. Vilmar, in his "*Literatur Geschichte*," and the remarks on the Teutonic invasions have been derived from Dr. Latham's excellent English Grammar. The Lay of the Nibelungen, and other legends of the primitive Eras, are given in a necessarily abridged form; but the literary references



accompanying them may, I trust, be of advantage to the student anxious to extend his knowledge on the subject. I have for obvious reasons abstained from having my work revised by more experienced hands, and claim on this account, as a foreigner, the reader's kind indulgence for any stylistic imperfections contained therein. May it prove useful to the student of German literature.

*Woolwich, Jan. 1860.*

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# SUMMARY

## OF THE

### LITERARY HISTORY OF GERMANY.

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THE German is one of the oldest, purest, and most cultivated of modern languages ; yielding to none in force and perspicuity, it excels many in richness, and if I may use the term, in adaptability. Klopstock, our immortal writer, in alluding to these qualities so strikingly inherent in our language, truly and patriotically exclaims :

Dass keine, welche lebt, mit Deutschlands Sprache sich  
In den zu kühnen Wettstreit wage,  
Sie ist damit ich's kurz, mit ihrer Kraft es sage,  
An mannigfalt'ger Uranlage zu immer neuer,  
Und doch deutscher Wendung reich  
Ist, was wir selbst, vor grauen Jahren  
Da Tacitus uns forschte waren,  
Gesondert, ungemischt und nur sich selber gleich !

Like the nation, our language grew up slowly, for exterior unfavourable circumstances frequently impeded and checked its more rapid development.

Its history, from the earliest to the present time, spreads over a space of about two thousand years. Let us, therefore, in order to survey its development more clearly, divide it into seven periods, and subdivide them again into two parts, so that the first four will form the history of the ancient, and the last

three that of our modern literature ; the beginning of the sixteenth century, or of the Reformation, being thus the boundary.

For the knowledge of the history of the first period, called the Germanic-Gothic, dating from the first appearance of German tribes, about one hundred years before till 768 after Christ, we are exclusively indebted to Grecian and Roman authors. According to them, and recent philological researches fully bear out this assertion, the German language is that of an ancient powerful race, divided into different tribes, which at a very remote age emigrating from the upper part of Asia, spread over the northern and central part of Europe and settled there. The word "deutsch," derives from the Gothic "*thiuda*," "*diot*," "*diet*," which means "belonging to the people." The Germanians, or men of arms, were a mighty tribe living on the borders of the Rhine and Danube, and formidably known for their prowess and warlike virtues even to the Romans.

In proportion as the Teutonic races spread over the provinces of Western Europe, the Romanic language, a mixture of Roman and German, was created and spoken in Spain, Italy, France, and the Britannic Empire, whilst the German retained its primitive character in those parts situated between the Elbe and Rhine, the Alps and Germanic Ocean.

At this primitive age, we notice already a distinction of dialects among the Teutonic tribes, the upper German, called "*oberdeutsch*," spoken in the



south, and the lower German, "niederdeutsch," in the north of Germany. The former, in which the consonants are pronounced fuller and broader, prevails now in the Tyrol, Salzburg, Austria, Bavaria, Suabia, southern Franconia and Switzerland; the latter, which is more soft and more free of all hissing sounds, is spoken along the Lower Rhine, Westphalia, Hanover, in ancient Lower Saxony, Holstein, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, &c. A medium between these principal dialects forms the middle-german, extending from Silesia, Lusatia, to Saxony, Thuringia, the Hartz mountains, northern Franconia, and Hesse. The ancient Germans possessed at that time already their national songs, which they repeated on festive occasions, previous to battle, or in commemoration of their fallen heroes; songs which were transmitted by tradition from one generation to another, the knowledge of written characters, called "Runen," having but imperfectly spread among them.

We possess remains of these battle songs in the Icelandic "Edda," for the Scandinavian races, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Icelanders, are of German descent, and the latter were already acquainted with the rhyme long before it was known to the Arabs.

The great emigration of nations of the fourth and fifth centuries, and ultimately the spread of the Christian religion, gave the first impulse to the mental development of the Germans, and was carried

still farther through the laudable exertions of "Ulfilas," a bishop of the ancient Moëso-Goths, (now Wallachians) (360—380).

He invented new characters for writing, and translated scriptural texts into Gothic, thus erecting the most ancient monument of our literature, still in existence.

Of the few literary productions of this early age we mention some Biblical writings of the monk Kero, and pay our tribute of admiration to Bonifacius (Winfred of Essex) living from 714-754, whose noble exertions are deserving of the highest praise. He selected central Germany for the field of his labour, and the cause of religion and learning never possessed a more zealous champion.

When however dissensions and wars began to prevail throughout Teutonic Europe, our language became utterly neglected. The East Gothic empire, founded by the mighty Theodoric, had after the death of that great warrior crumbled to pieces, the civil war raging among the Franks, during the reign of the Merovingians, had weakened their empire, the Western Goths had been obliged to retire to the northern part of Spain, when the Arabs in the eighth century had invaded that country, so that the last traces of the Teutonic language remained only in those British provinces invaded during the 5th century by the various Teutonic tribes. I trust that it will not be deemed a digression on my part, if I for a moment allude to those invasions, a subject, the

importance of which Britons will appreciate, when they remember that their history, their language, their very existence as a nation, are lastingly identified with these Teutonic invasions.

They were made at six different periods, and proceeded from the sea coast of Northern Germany, principally from that line of country situated between the Eyder and the Rhine, from the provinces of Jutland, Sleswick, Holstein, Friesland, and Westphalia.

The first invasion made by the Jutes, under the leadership of Hengist and Horsa, took place in the year 449, at Ebbsfleet in the Isle of Thanet; the Jutes ultimately established the kingdom of Kent, which was the first district where the original British language was superseded by the mother tongue of the present English introduced from Germany.

The Jutes also settled in various parts of Sussex and in the Isle of Wight, but we possess no historical data respecting their appearance in those places.

The second, made by the Saxons under their leader "Ella," took place in the year 477, on the coast of Sussex. The Saxons established the kingdom of the South Saxons (Sussex), and ultimately under their chief "Cerdic," extended their sway over Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Wilts, part of Somerset, part of Devonshire, part of Surrey, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire.

The third, also made by the Saxons under their leader "Cerdic," took place in the year 495. They

landed on the coast of Hampshire, and established the kingdom of the West Saxons (Wessex).

The Saxons made a fourth invasion in the year 530, landed in Essex, and established their supremacy in Middlesex and parts of Hertfordshire.

The fifth, the precise date of which is not known, was made by the Angles, during the reign of Cerdic in Wessex, they gradually extended their dominion into Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, and parts of Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire.

The sixth and last settlement was made by the Angles under their chief "Ida," in the year 547. The landing was effected in the eastern counties of Scotland, between the rivers Tweed and Forth ; they ultimately extended their dominion over Northumberland, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, and the north midland counties.

In proportion as the sway of the invaders was permanently established, the British language was superseded in the various districts by that of the invaders, with the exception of Cumberland, where it was still spoken in the tenth century, of Cornwall, where it lingered on under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in Wales, where it exists up to the present time ; yet the fact of the original British language disappearing in almost all cases from the districts where the settlements had taken place, proves convincingly how firmly and effectually the conquerors exercised their ascendancy over the con-

quered, and how formidable must have been the moral and physical influence of a race, that could effect such a result in comparatively so short a time.

I mention this subject, bearing more especially on British history, in order to show what extraordinary efforts were required on the part of the great Alfred to build with these Teutonic chaotic elements that noble building called Britannia, which, although standing on a sound basis, wanted yet the light of heaven, "religion," ultimately diffused throughout the heathen edifice, thanks to the great exertions of that immortal king.

We proceed now to the second period, called the Franconian, from Charlemagne to the Suabian Emperors, from 768 to 1137, during which our language, owing to the lively interest bestowed upon it by the great Charles, improved considerably. History, I am afraid, has not adequately appreciated the exertions of the man, whose master-mind could conceive and carry out reforms, at once so sweeping and useful, under such circumstances ; for Charlemagne's chief merit does not consist so much in having accomplished great things, but in having accomplished them at a period when all was dark around him. The light which dispelled that mental darkness was *in him*, radiated *from him*, and was diffused *through him*.

He evinced on every occasion the lively interest



he took in the culture of the German language, by having it taught in schools, used in the pulpit and in all judicial transactions. In conjunction with the learned of the age, he collected the nation's old laws and songs, and it is even said, that he wrote a German Grammar.

His son, "Ludwig der Fromme," and still more his grandson, "Ludwig der Deutsche," followed the noble example of their ancestor, and the treaty of Verdun (843), between the latter and Charles the Bald, in rendering Germany a separate empire, contributed at the same time to the development of her literature.

Then followed the Franconian kings, who did but little, and other adverse circumstances combined to impede and arrest the mental progress of the age. Among these impediments we mention the wars carried on during the reign of the Saxon and Franconian emperors, the struggles sustained against Greeks, Normans, and Hungarians, the inroads of the Slaves, who had extended their dominion as far as the Elbe, the inveterate hostility shown by the Italians to everything German, and lastly, the counteracting and blighting influence of the hierarchy founded during the reign of Hildebrand. Under that of Henry I. (919) and of the succeeding kings of the Saxon house, the light gradually reappeared, commerce began to spread, and the prosperity of the nation increased ; for at all times we find a nation's material welfare invariably connected with its mental

development, the exchange of matter leading to the exchange of ideas.

The most important writings we possess of this age are in the ancient high German language. Of poetical productions, we mention a fragment of the song of Hildebrand ("Hildebrandlied"), the prayer of Weissenbrunn (Weissenbrunner Gebet) of the 8th century, also "Das Ludwigslied," and Otfried's Four Evangelists of the 9th century. Of prose works: a translation of the Psalms by Notker, a monk of St. Gallen, and Willeram's explanation of the Song of Solomon. The most learned men of the age were Alcuin, Paul Warnefrid, Eginhard, all contemporaries of Charlemagne, Rhabanus Maurus, a zealous promoter of education, Dietmar, Gerbert (ultimately Pope Sylvester II.) and also the Latin poetess Rosswitha.

And now we approach a period of our literary history, perhaps the most prolific, and certainly the most romantic and poetical, that of the Suabian Minstrels (Minnesängers), from the Suabian Emperors to the founding of the first German Universities (1137—1348).

Under Henry III. the first of the Hohenstaufen, who in the year 1137 mounted the German imperial throne, the more refined Suabian, Alemannic dialect prevailed at Court, and among the educated of Germany; then followed in rapid succession a number of events highly calculated to develop and sustain the mental life of our nation; chivalry with its

romantic aspirations, the glorious age of the Crusades with its lofty enthusiasm and noble deeds, the stirring example of the minstrels of the south of France, the "Troubadours," whose cultivated minds and more refined manners could not but exercise the most beneficial, the most refining influence on our more uncouth northern bards; the increasing prosperity of the nation, result of the cultivation of the soil and the spread of commerce, all these combined influences developed the mental progress of an age, which we call with pride, "das Blüthenalter," of our early literature.

And here we must mention how the most mighty and noble, the lovely and beautiful of the land encouraged and fostered this all-absorbing taste for poetry, with what ardour they cultivated it themselves, and how much the example thus given, by elevating the mind and filling the heart with sublime conceptions, contributed to the accomplishment of those noble deeds, with which that splendid age of romance, love, and poetry so gloriously abounds.

Henry VI. Conrad IV. King Wentzel of Bohemia, Margrave Otto of Brandenburg, John of Brabant, Henry of Meissen, and Anhalt, Heinrich von Veldeck, Hartmann von der Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Reinmar der Alte, Nicolaus Klingsohr, Walter von der Vogelweide, Gottfried von Strassburg, and a host of others, cultivated the noble field of poetry, which under the Emperor Frederic II. 1215—1250, attained its highest cultivation. Glori-

ous time of the "Minne,"\* beautiful dream of the past—gone, never to return!

There are words so identified with a nation's character and its most cherished traditions, that they cannot be adequately translated into a foreign language. This has been said, and truly said, of the English word "home;" it applies with equal force to the German "Minne." In uttering the word "home," Englishmen associate it in their minds with everything hallowed by time, with the bygone days of happy childhood, with the tender affections of the heart, with the domestic hearth, with domestic bereavements, with joy and grief, with that something which neither time nor age can obliterate from our recollection, the remembrance of which sheds rays of bliss into the soul, and follows us even unto the grave. Sweet home, which a stranger in a strange land appreciates the more, the more he is deprived of its hallowed influences. Now, what "home" is to the English, "Minne" is to us. It is the poetry, the reflection, the echo, the language of nature, its smile and frown, for in Minne we see typified the budding of vernal flowers and sweet early love, the budding of the heart, autumn's withered and scattered leaves, and the heart's blighted hopes, the rise of God's glorious sun, and the dawn of our own aspirations, its setting and the vanishing of the dreams of our youth. "Minne" is spring and winter, joy and grief, serene and

\* "Minne," in its primitive sense, means "in remembrance of."



stormy, elevated and refined, it is the homage paid to virtue, beauty, and loveliness, it belongs to an age of lofty aspirations and noble deeds, to the age of romance and poetry ; yes, “Minne” is refreshing like the breeze of heaven, the sweetest blossom of the loving German heart, for it is deep, true, and pure !

The authors of some of the most remarkable poems of that period, including that of the great Lay of the Nibelungen are unknown. The Crusades having, as already stated, exercised so beneficial an influence on the intellectual life of the Germans, we must not wonder that when they ceased, when the tree had lost its life-sustaining sap, it should also have shown signs of decay : and so it was ! After the death of Frederic II. (1215), refined intellectual life ceased in Germany ; poetry, hitherto occupying so lofty a position, descended step by step to become a trade, a handicraft ; the pure flame of exalted enthusiasm and refinement grew dimmer and dimmer, poetry had lost its poetry !

We have now arrived at the fourth period, that of the “Meistersängers,” the prosaical age of our literature, and before our vision passes the middle age, with its strong castles, lynch law (Fau-strecht), its tournaments and gallant knights, its high born and lovely dames—the middle age, with its bishops, monks, religious processions, its convents, a retreat for those who after the storms of war wished to spend the rest of their lives in pious contemplations, combatants of a different kind, whose chief was the Most High, whose



sword—prayer, whose buckler—faith, and whose victory—heaven ! The middle age with its honourable, loyal, and peace-loving citizens; its fine arts, prosperous merchants, trade, commerce, and Hanseatic towns ; the age when a Wycliff and Huss struck the first blow against Papal power, and the humble monk of Wittenberg destroyed what there still remained of its prestige ; the age of Luther, at once the reformer of religion and the regenerator of our language, who erected at this period (1534), by the translation of the Bible into German, a literary monument which will last as long as the name of German literature shall be appreciated by his grateful countrymen. It was the age when a new world (America) was discovered (1492), when universities, always the nurseries of the mind, were founded, and by the great discovery of the art of printing (1440) means were found to multiply the products of the mind and spread them broad cast over the nation. The age when Constantinople was taken (1453), and in consequence of the forced emigration of learned Greeks to Italy, the splendid tree of southern literature, fine arts, and science was transplanted into the soil of western Europe, where it could grow, shoot forth new buds, expand, and give shelter to those anxious to live under its benign and fostering influence.

From this time also dates the first appearance of newspapers and the introduction of postal communication in Germany, a great boon, for which we are indebted to the enlightened Maximilian I. (1516),

who, a great promoter of learning himself, wrote several essays and laid the foundation for a historical work, subsequently published by his secretary, von Ehrentreitz, and containing Maximilian's own history and that of his father, Frederic III. Among the meistersingers, Hans Sachs, the far-famed cobbler of Nüremberg, occupies the most prominent place. Spervogel, Albrecht von Eybe, Veit Weber, Conrad von Queinfurt, Hans Rosenblüt, Volz, &c. &c. deserve also to be mentioned. Towards the latter part of the 15th century satirical writings, in which the defects of the times were alluded to in withering terms, became the order of the day. "Reinecke Fuchs," by Baumann, and "Das Narrenschiff," by Brandt, occupy the most prominent place among the latter.

"The Meistergesang," of the origin of which nothing positive is known, had its principal seats in the towns of Mayence, Nüremberg, Memmingen, Colmar, and Ulm. Its members, a corporate body of citizens, representing the various trades and handicrafts, met after the day's work at their clubs, for the purpose of practising there the noble art of rhyming. Their poetical effusions, though deficient in elegance and refinement, truthfully depict those qualities for which the German citizens of that age were distinguished. Virtue, morality, contentment, concord are reflected therein. It was the custom to display on Sundays a large board, called "Die Schultafel," which announced that in the afternoon,

after service, the singing club was to meet in order to comment on the respective merits of the songs composed during the week. A select committee, whose decision was final, was then appointed ; it consisted of the chairman (gemerk), supported by the cashier (büchsenmeister), the administrator (schlüsselmeister), the head marker (merkmeister), the crown-master (kronmeister). Near the merkmeister stood the "merkers," that is to say, the judges. The prize consisted either of a wreath of flowers or some more precious gem, always kept as an heirloom by the handicraft to which the successful candidate respectively belonged. In the more populous and wealthy towns a great number of these prize gems were always kept in readiness ; such a gem was called "kleinod," and it was considered a great honour to obtain it. The schlüsselmeister was entrusted with the keeping of a large book, into which the best songs were carefully entered. Such were the harmless pre-occupations of the German handicraftsmen of those times, in every respect so conducive to the cause of morality and temperance. The era of the Meistergesang lasted several centuries ; it flourished most in the 16th, and ceased about the middle of the 18th. It was subject to the most rigid and pedantic regulations, thirty-two of which alone related to the various modes of punishment. Very little attention was paid to the rules of prosody, provided every thing was in uniformity with the statutes, orderly, neat, and tradesmanlike. Their

stanzas, like those of the Minnesingers, were divided into three parts, each of which contained sometimes a hundred rhymes. The most fantastic names were given to the different styles of rhyming, besides the *red* and *blue* rhyme, there existed a streaked saffron flower, and red nut blossom style, also the warm winter, English tin, yellow lionskin, short monkey, and fat badger styles.

Diametrically opposed to the Meistergesang was the Volkslied, the hearty, unfettered, unadorned, vigorous expression of the people's sentiments, of their weal and woe ; its origin dates from the 14th century ; it increased during the 15th, and reached its culminating point in the 16th century. The "Volkslied," like all the epic poems of antiquity, represents that which really existed. Simplicity of style and truthful delineation of characters and events constitute its chief merit. A considerable number of the "Volkslieder" are love, farewell, and drinking songs, as for instance the well known ;

Warum bist du denn so traurig,  
Bin ich aller Freude voll ?  
Meinst ich sollte dich vergessen,  
Du gefällst mir gar zu wohl  
Laub und Gras, das mag verwelken,  
Aber treue Liebe nicht  
Kommst mir zwar aus meinen Augen,  
Aber aus dem Herzen nicht.

Also the beautiful song :

So viel Stern' am Himmel stehen,  
An dem blauen güldenen Zelt.

and so many others which have been lastingly engraved on the German heart. Our most eminent poets, Herder, Göthe, Bürger, have largely drawn from the Volkslied, and their best lyric productions are founded on this essentially national basis. The didactic poems of this age bear the same popular character; dramatic poetry, originally of a religious tendency, dates also from this period. At first the history of the life and sufferings of Christ were READ by persons representing the Apostles, high priests, or men alluded to in Scripture; ultimately the costume was added, and finally these biblical events were publicly acted, the language used was the Latin, the theatre the church. These religious displays, at first of a very sober and solemn character, degenerated afterwards into the more worldly, and far too worldly "Oster and Fastnachtsspiele" (Easter and Carnival plays), not always of the purest description.

During the fifth period, towards the end of the 16th and throughout the 17th century, poetical life remained dormant in Germany. The argumentative warfare about the affairs of the Church, then carried on exclusively in the Latin language, required certainly a great amount of classical learning and erudition, but was by no means beneficial to the development of our national literature. This neglect of our own language originated at our universities, where the study of German was not attended to, the pedantry of the age



attaching more importance to the dead languages ; a great mistake, for the mental combat carried on between the chosen few remained thus barren to the people at large ; moreover, by excluding them from discussions involving their vital interests, the progress of civilization and of civil liberty was arrested. When Luther appeared, Germany in a political sense stood very low ; full of interior resources, it did not know how to develop them. Its constitution was but a chaos. The relations of the various princes to the chief of the empire had, it is true, been clearly defined by the Golden Bull in 1356, yet no one was there to decide legally in case of any differences arising between these princes. Every thing depended on the greater or lesser influence exercised by the chief of the state. During the long reign of Frederic III., who for more than half a century (1420-1492) had been sleeping on the throne, this influence had almost disappeared, and Maximilian I., though in many respects a useful reformer, had increased it but little. Unfortunately, not one among these princes possessed sufficient genius or energy to shake off this lethargical condition ; they were leading a contemplative life, and their chief possessed more the habits of an extensive landholder than that of the ruler of a great empire. They met at their Diet more by way of routine than for the dispatch of business, and let it be admitted that Max showed in this respect much regularity, especially when he wanted to re-

plenish his exchequer. In fact, had it not been for the Turks, the inveterate enemies of Christendom, who had established themselves in Eastern Europe, and whose inroads had to be resisted anyhow, the German empire would probably have accomplished at that time its own dissolution. It was the Reformation, and nothing but the Reformation, which instilled new life into that drowsy body, and gave to Germany the political importance which it has maintained ever since. Considered in this light, all the strife and bloodshed accompanying this great era must be looked upon as the necessary means towards the attainment of a great end. Martin Luther and Ulrich von Hutten entered now the arena to fight the battle of religious liberty with the sword of speech, "mit dem Schwerdte der Rede," and the final victory showed how these champions had fought. In order to act on the masses, it had now become essential to address them in their vernacular language; this developed the oratorical and didactic style, and kindled a sense for free discussions, so conducive to religious and civil liberty.

But gradually a gloom began to spread over Germany's literary horizon; the storm then raging in the physical world had extended to the intellectual regions in spite of the noble exertions of an Opitz, Logau, Canitz, and Flemming. In proportion as the thirty years' war extended, when bloodthirsty Vandals trampled under foot the seeds of German fields, spreading unutterable woe and misery over our



Fatherland, the fields of intellect were also neglected, and wherever healthy plants had grown before weeds were now springing up. Yes, this sixth period was the time of Germany's intellectual degradation, for a nation degrades itself morally and intellectually when, forgetting its own dignity, it bows to that which is foreign, not because it is superior, but *because* it is foreign. It was indeed a strange phenomenon to see the German nation, not inferior to any other in mental solidity and depth, offer its servile adulations to the literature of the foreigner.

Towards the end of the 17th century it had become fashionable to mix foreign words with our own, and even to alienize our grammatical construction. The French poets of the Provence, the Troubadours, had been deservedly imitated by our own bards at a time when they were our superiors in point of elegance of manners, and in all the refinements of social life, but now the Gallomania exceeded all bounds. During the reign of Louis Quatorze, the age *par excellence* of refinement, numbers of Germans had flocked to the capital of the Grand Monarque, and on their return introduced their mixed phraseology and questionable French among us. It was no longer distingué to speak one's own language. Several literary societies, formed towards the middle of the 17th century, had already exerted themselves with more goodwill than success to counteract this anti-national tendency, of which writers like "Hofmannswaldau," "Lohenstein,"

“Neukirch,” and consorts, were the unworthy and unpatriotic representatives. We can name but very few who at this period of mental dearth acquired literary distinction; among them were the writers of church hymns: Andreas Gryphius, Johann Rist, Neumark, Gerhard, and Dach; also the satirical writers Rachel, and Wernike. It was only at the beginning of the 18th century that a more healthy tone began to pervade our literature, thanks to the exertions of a Thomasius, Leibnitz, Wolf, and Haller, who cleared as well as possible our literary Augean stable of those foreign elements, which pervade even now some of our modern writings. About this time, two writers of eminence, “Johann Jacob Bodmer,” and “Christoph Godsched,” began their celebrated and long-sustained literary controversy, the former living at Zürich belonged to the Swiss school, the latter to that of Leipzig. Bodmer, the first who translated Milton’s “Paradise Lost” into German, was a great admirer of English literature, whilst Godsched offered his adulations to that of France. This war of the pen lasted for a considerable time, two parties, the Bodmerians and Godschedians were formed, and the contest only ceased after Haller had thrown in his mental weight in favour of Bodmer, a great gain for Germany, because it led to the study of the great English writers, and exercised subsequently a very salutary influence on our own national literature. Godsched has generally and deservedly been condemned for his pedantry and

vaporous style, yet however little we may admire his poetical, oratorical and stylistic efforts, thanks are due to him for his efforts to raise our language, then in a most neglected state, to something like a classical height. A most erudite theorist, he wanted the tact and skill, perhaps the refined feeling to give utterance to his conceptions, in a manner to win, please and convince his readers.

At last a turning point in our literature had arrived, the clouds began to break, the light reappeared; and that light was Klopstock. It was high time; he had a great mission before him, he nobly fulfilled it. German in heart and mind, his words like electric sparks shook the whole national frame, infusing into it a fresh spirit. For more than two centuries that spirit had been dormant. Writers, in endeavouring to mimic the sublime style of the Greek and Roman classics, noble reflection of a great and glorious age, had only succeeded in introducing an empty phraseology into our own language, then the mirror of the nation's intellectual degradation. Klopstock, the German Homer, as Menzel calls him, now became the great reformer of that long neglected language. The exalted principles he represented as defender of the cause of religion and humanity, his innate piety, sincerity, and spotless life were qualities by which, independently of his great mental faculties, he gained an additional hold on the heart and mind of the German nation. His genius shone brightly in his immortal work,

"The Messiah," and still more in his Odes, such as "Wingolf," "Ode to Fanny," "Herrman and Thusnelda," in which his style appears in all its vigour and beauty. Even his opponents must admit that Klopstock's mental labours exercised a most beneficial influence on the literature of the 18th century, that he was as it were the literary sun, re-appearing at last to develope by its benign rays those poetical germs which during so long a winter had remained dormant in the German soil, and which were now to spring up and produce so splendid a harvest.

The political events of the day assisted likewise in this mental development, the glorious deeds of Frederic the Great, in raising patriotic feelings, also led to mental exertions, although Prussia's great king personally did very little for our literature, his predilections being more in favour of that of France. Mental life was now sustained in the various literary clubs, one of which had been formed at Halle and Halberstädt under the auspices of Gleim. The views propounded by its members, among whom we mention Jacobi, K. Schmidt, Uz, Ramler and Louise Karsch, were opposed to those of Klopstock and Gellert, whose writings bore a more solemn character. The former having taken Anacreon for their prototype, considered the enemies of rational enjoyment to be also those of virtue, a truism acknowledged by all those, who, with the experience of the world, possess a knowledge of the human heart.



Gleim, as already stated, was the principal figure in this group, not so much on account of his literary as for his personal merits. Among his poems we mention "Halladad," and "Lieder eines Grenadiers," Kleist, the gifted author of "Der Frühling," was one of Gleim's oldest and truest friends, he died the death of a hero at the battle of Kunnersdorf.

One of the most distinguished writers of the 18th century, to whom we owe the regeneration of our language, was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born in the year 1729. The immense results he obtained in the sphere of literature we admire the more, when we remember the neglected state in which he found it, and what Herculean efforts were required to struggle through that labyrinth of obstacles, through those foreign influences, which had bewildered so many of his predecessors, and deprived our literature of its most essential, its national character. He threw the light of his genius into that chaos, his immense erudition made him find out and destroy the weeds wherever they appeared on the literary fields of Germany. A profound philologist and acute critic, he soon saw what was wanted, with a rare flexibility of mind, and the most indefatigable zeal he devoted himself to the study of almost every branch of knowledge, and earned distinction in all. To a precision and clearness of expression, sure to go home to the conviction of his readers, he joined the most withering sarcasm, with which he unsparingly attacked and laid bare the moral defects of his contemporaries.

He was at once a profound theologian, an earnest inquirer of antiquities, fabulist, historian, dramatic and aesthetic writer, and by this astounding versatility, combined with the utmost soundness and depth of learning, he gained that preponderating influence on contemporaries, like Nicolai, Ramler, Gleim, Mendelssohn, Weisse, Engel, Garve, and others. His products, among which we name his "antiquarian letters," his "Laokoon," "Nathan der Weise," "Minna von Barnhelm," "Emilia Galotti;" his numerous fables and critical essays are distinguished for an acuteness, depth, wit, and purity of style unsurpassed even in our days.

In the year 1772, a number of young and ardent poets created the celebrated "Göttinger Club," following thus the example set by other associations in other parts of Germany. The object of this "Göttinger Dichterbund," also called "Hainbund," was to promote literary pursuits, especially poetry, among its members, who were in the habit of meeting every Saturday, for the purpose of discussing the merits of the poems written during the week. In order to be a member of that club, it was essential to lead the most spotless life; the cause of virtue and morality gained consequently much by such associations. The most distinguished poets of Germany belonged to the "Hainbund," among them Voss, Hölty, Bürger, Hahn, Miller, Wehrs, the two Counts Stolberg, and Leisewitz. Klopstock ultimately joined it, but Bürger was, from the very beginning, the most prominent

figure of this poetical group. Some of his most celebrated ballads were written at this time, such as "Leonore," "Der wilde Jäger," "Das Lied vom braven Mann," "Der Kaiser und Abt," "Die Weiber von Weinsberg," "Des Pfarrers Tochter von Taubenhain," etc. Bürger's poems are distinguished for their graceful flow of language, purity of diction, graphic and essentially popular style, which has gained them a degree of popularity unsurpassed in the literary history of any nation.

We have now arrived at the seventh, the romantic and classical period, the golden age of our literature, the shore end of that literary cable, which, running through its seven periods, concentrated the nation's mental fluid, principally in the last. The age of Herder, Homer's and Shakespeare's worthy disciple, and possessing, like Lessing, the most profound and extensive knowledge. Herder, more than any other writer, had the gift of identifying himself with the spirit and character of foreign nations; he was what has been termed a universalist, and his principal writings "Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte," "Cid," "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," and "Stimmen der Völker" bear witness to this wonderful faculty. In reading his works we see the nations of antiquity pass in succession before our eyes, we hear them speak, their spirit is as it were infused into ours under the hand of that mental sculptor. We pass from him to Wieland, who, though highly gifted,



forgot that if it pleases Providence to bestow upon some persons more mental faculties than upon others, it is the bounden duty of those blessed with the heavenly gift to use it for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. For woe to those authors who pervert the noble gift of writing graphically and stirringly for an unworthy purpose. Wieland had taken the frivolous writers of the age for his model, and the fruits are shown in almost all his works. He was, as Vilmar so well expresses it, the representative of the age of Louis XV. In his "Geschichte der Abderiten," he draws a satirical picture of the narrow-mindedness then prevailing. His "Oberon," taken from the old French novel "Huon de Bordeaux," is distinguished for its graceful, vivid, and sparkling style. Another star of that age was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, who, in his principal work, "Titan," draws a faithful picture of a man, who, by education, had developed to the highest state of perfection the inherent qualities of heart and mind. The language in "Titan" forcibly appeals to the German heart, it is full of deep feeling, and of that sweetly dreamy essentially German character called "Schwärmerei."

We now approach two figures, occupying a prominent position in the Walhalla of the German nation, "Göthe and Schiller," of whom it has been said that they were like two brothers occupying the same throne. Göthe, whose master-mind, as Gervinus so well remarks, was the very

personification of intuitive perfection, whilst Schiller had to win all his mental battles by persevering exertions. Göthe, who marched towards his aim instinctively, leisurely, and deliberately, whilst Schiller had to steer through a world of difficulties before reaching it. Göthe never going out of his way, but allowing the world to come up to meet him ; Schiller always anxious, painstaking, and eager to meet the world. Göthe studiously avoiding everything interfering with his ease and comfort, fortune constantly smiling upon him, Schiller always struggling against difficulties and adversities. Göthe calmly and collectedly clinging to the past, Schiller active, stirring, creative, revelling in the future. Göthe taking for motto, Delay, hesitation ; Schiller that of Action and decision. Göthe always keeping a balance between body and mind, Schiller paying the penalty for his great mental efforts and consuming enthusiasm with an untimely death. Göthe, like a river of the mountain, pursuing an uneven, unsteady course ; Schiller, the wild stream, rushing heedlessly onwards to mingle its waters with the infinite ocean. Göthe never aiming beyond that which pure nature placed within his reach ; Schiller overstepping these bounds, soaring towards the infinite, the ideal world. Göthe moving within a sphere of realities ; Schiller using in the pursuit of his labours, history and philosophy to promote the great cause of progress and liberty, always knowing how to strike the right chord in the

nation's heart ; Göthe breathing the atmosphere of the court, never overstepping his limits, and clinging to his conservative notions. Yet, however distinct in their pursuits, character and organisation they may have been, Germany will always consider them as her two mental gladiators, whose brows are encircled with the same immortal laurel, whose names will be uttered by their countrymen with veneration and respect, as long as the name of Germany shall last, and even beyond that time, for their genius belongs to mankind !

Let us now glance at their writings, of which I shall have to speak at greater length in the second volume of my " Essay."

In " Werther," one of Göthe's early works, he describes in beautiful language the sufferings of the loving heart. In his " Iphigenie," Hellas of old, poetical Hellas in its classical garb passes before our vision. In " Wilhelm Meister" he pays homage to the highest state of culture of which the human mind is susceptible. In " Herrmann and Dorothea" we have a picture of the blessings of domestic life. In " Faust" the personification of the ceaseless struggling for that which is beyond our reach, in the pursuit of which we neglect what we can all find within ourselves, the peace of mind which passes all understanding. In " Faust," he has erected a literary monument, towering forth among those of the nations of the world, firm in its basis like the granite rock, its summit hidden in that region of light, from which he drew his divine inspirations. In

Margaret he gives us a picture such as only a Raphael knew how to impart to his heaven-inspired ideals. At first she appears in all her child-like innocence, playing with flowers. "Er liebt mich," she utters with that intensity of feeling, that indescribable rapture, which the heart feels but once in life, when it is overflowing with the emotions of sweet, pure, early love. When she appears again a poor blighted flower, fallen yet still angelic, we feel sympathetically her unutterable grief, expressed in these immortal lines :

Meine Ruh'ist hin  
 Mein Herz ist schwer,  
 Ich finde sie nimmer  
 Und nimmermehr.

My peace has gone,  
 My heart feels sore,  
 For me no rest,  
 O ! nevermore.\*

And when at last, writhing in the agony of despair, that poor heart is breaking, heaven opens its gates, and from the throne of a merciful Father the voices of a thousand angels shout with one cry :

*" Sie ist gerettet !"*

*" She is saved !"*

### SCHILLER.

In his "Raüber" we see the dawn of his genius, the unregulated manifestation of intense youthful ardour. In "Fiesko," the great ideas of liberty, as contrasted with those of despotism. In "Kabale

\* The author apologizes for attempting to translate these lines.

und Liebe," a picture of the corruption of the age. In the "Jungfrau von Orleans," the patriotism and religious fervour of the woman effecting that which appears incredible to the vulgar mind. In "Wilhelm Tell" we see the cause of liberty triumph. In "Wallenstein," a picture of high-soaring ambition that overleaps itself. In his immortal song of "The Bell," Schiller traces a picture of human life from the cradle to the grave, representing that life under its domestic, social, and political aspect.

We assist at the founding of a bell, the founder surrounded by his workmen addresses them in earnest and solemn language. He tells them how essential it is for every man to have, previous to setting to work, a model of it in his inward mind.\* In proportion as the labour proceeds, he applies to every progressive stage a picture applicable to human life. He begins by telling them how the bell is destined to be his companion in good and evil days; how its merry peals will fill with joy the heart of the parents, when those blessed peals announce the ushering into life of their first-born;†

\* Das ist's ja, was den Menschen zieret,  
Und dazu ward ihm der Verstand,  
Das er im innern Herzen spüret,  
Was er erschafft mit seiner Hand.

† Denn mit der Freude Feierklänge  
Begrüsst sie das geliebte Kind  
Auf seines Lebens erstem Gange,  
Den es in Schlafes Arm beginnt.



how its melodious sounds will mingle with the sweet emotions of her who is led to the hymeneal altar ;\* how its solemn chimes invite the pious to the house of God ; how it strikes terror into the bosom of the peaceful citizen when the tocsin of alarum rouses him from his peaceful slumber in the time of conflagration,† war and rebellion ; how again it gladdens the heart of the humble husbandman, when it tolls in happy harvest home ; or when the weary soldier, after the struggles of war, bends his steps homewards, and peace prevails again throughout the land ;‡ and alas, how its mournful tunes mingle with the grief of the bereaved, when the wanderer is conducted to his last resting place :

Ernst begleiten ihre Trauerschläge  
Einen Wanderer auf dem letzten Wege.

Then it seems, as if, through its solemn vibrations, we heard a voice from above uttering its own mournful motto

“ MORTUOS PLANGO.”

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\* Lieblich in der Bräute Locken,  
Spielt der jungfräuliche Kranz, &c. &c.

† Hört ihr's wimmern hoch vom Thurm,  
Das war Sturm, &c. &c.

‡ Holder Friede süsse Eintracht,  
Weilet, weilet lange über dieser Stadt, &c.

I am precluded from mentioning in this necessarily condensed review that countless host of writers, all those knights of "the mind, who have shed an undying lustre on the literature of the 18th century, who have successfully cultivated every mental field, be it that of poetry, history or philosophy, who, by shaking off the hereditary dust of centuries, have delivered the mind from the bondage in which it was kept, and enabled it to soar heavenwards, and roam at pleasure in the regions of the infinite. There, bewildered and dazzled, the philosopher has often lost his road, and been arrested by a voice exclaiming, "So far, and not farther;" thus convincing even the most gifted how vain and futile man's efforts are, when he attempts to lift the veil which covers the mystery of that world which can only be revealed to us hereafter. These pursuits, however, have not remained barren, for, in giving a stimulus to mental exertions embracing other fields, they have led to those wonderful discoveries, to those unravellings of the secret powers of nature, of which we are daily the grateful and admiring witnesses, and which have so practical a bearing on the progress, prosperity, and happiness of the whole human race. In alluding to this subject, I cannot refrain from mentioning here the name of one, so justly revered by his countrymen, one to whose incredible mental labours humanity owes so much, whose genius was already shining in all its brightness,



when this century had hardly begun to run its course, who, but a short time ago, still delighted the literary world with writings breathing all the mental vigour and freshness of his early days, and who, alas, has now departed from us for ever full of years and full of honours. Yes, let us pay this silent tribute of our admiration, respect, and grief to the venerable Alexander von Humboldt, the immortal writer of

KOSMOS.

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NIGHT and chaos prevail throughout the earliest history of Germany. When the Roman historian Tacitus threw into it a few glimpses of light, we behold those martial Teutons covered with bearskins, living in their impenetrable oakwoods near that memorable forest of Teutoburg, where, headed by their chief Arminius, Germania's Ajax, they made those proud and invincible Romans under Varus rue the day when first they set foot on the virgin soil of Germany. We hear them raise their thundering voices, to chant songs of praise in honour of their gods Wuotan and Thuisco, or in commemoration of those fallen in battle, splendid songs breathing all the fervour and intensity of feeling belonging to those children of nature. Ages rolled thus on until

the monk Ulfilas, in the year 360, kindled a mental light, which increased in the 8th and 9th centuries in the songs of the "Beowulf," "Walter of Aquitaine" (Walter von Aquitainen), in that of "Hildbrand" (Hildbrandslied), the "Prayer of Wessobrunn," (Wessobrunner Gebet), the "Ludwigs-song" (Ludwigslied), a splendid light shining in all its brilliancy in the "Lay of the Nibelungen," that richest pearl of our epic poetry. The "Beowulf," which appeared in the Anglo-Saxon dialect, describes the combats of Beowulf, king of the Jutes, with the sea monster Grendel and the dragon by which he is killed. In "Walter of Aquitaine," published in Latin, we have a description of the struggles of Walter against Gunthari, the Burgundian king.

The events alluded to in the "Hildbrandslied" and "Walter of Aquitaine" also exist, although in a somewhat altered form, in the Scandinavian "Sagas;" ultimately they formed three distinct parts, namely, the "Heldenbuch," "The Lay of the Nibelungen," and "Gudrun." The Song of Hildbrand bears on the cycle of Dietrich of Bern or Theodoric the Great; the events and dates alluded to are represented very confusedly, so as to perplex even German philologists. Hildbrand, Theodoric's companion in arms, after having been banished from Italy by Ermanrich, enters the service of King Attila (Etzel), whom he accompanies in his last Italian expedition. Here he is informed that his long-lost son Hudibrand is fighting in the ranks of the enemy; he meets him

at the head of his troops, and vainly endeavours to make him espouse Attila's cause. Hudibrand, not knowing his father, who had always been absent from home, refuses his offers, and accuses him of deceit. Nothing, not even the golden bracelets which are offered to him, can make him alter his mind.

Hildebrand took from his arms the bracelets  
 And the rings the King of the Huns had given him ;  
 "These do I give thee as tokens of friendship,"  
 Hudibrand spoke : Hildebrand's son :  
 " With the spear alone should such gifts be received,  
 Point against point ! thou art an old Hun,  
 A clever deceiver. With words thou wouldst tempt me."  
 Hildebrand spoke : " I see by thine armour  
 Thou hast at home a generous lord.  
 Oh supreme God ! what a fate is mine,  
 For sixty summers and winters I wander  
 Far from my home, and now my own child  
 With the sword would slay, with the axe would crush me."\*

Hudibrand, having been vanquished by his father, returns afterwards with him to Verona, where the son meets his mother. For the preservation of the Hildebrandslied, we are indebted to two monks of the convent of Fulda. The "Ludwigslied," written by the monk "Herschell," celebrates the victory of Louis the Third over the Normans at Saulcourt, it is concise and vigorous ; breathes throughout the

\* Madame Davésiés de Pontes "Poets and Poetry of Germany."

most intense religious fervour, and is stirringly graphic in the description of the battle-scenes.

In the "Wessobrunner Gebet," and in the "Hildbrandslied," in fact in most of the ancient lays of the 8th century, the metre did not consist in the quantity, but rather in the accentuation given to the principal words contained in each line, these words always beginning with the same consonants; this is called alliteration, as for instance: "Wohl und Wehe," "Haupt und Haar," "Stock und Stein," (Weal and woe, head and hair, stick and stone.) To show how fertile the poetry of alliteration was in its means of expression, we mention here, that for the single word "Mann," one of our old dialects had eight distinct meanings, and each according to its derivation, corresponded with similar sounding words, imparting thus a vivid and poetical colouring to our commonly used phrases: UUerôs UUârum, UUigeô an UUahtû, which means the man watched the horses: Segg was in Selda undar giSindun, man was at home among his camp followers.\*

It may perhaps be interesting to the reader to know something of the state of our language at this our remotest period, we give therefore here two versions of the Lord's Prayer, the one by Ulfilas in the Moeso-Gothic dialect, the other by Luther in High German.

\* Vilmar's *Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*.

## ULFILAS.

Atta unsar thu in himinam,  
 weihnai namo thein. Quimai  
 thiudinassus theins. wairthai  
 wilja theins. swe in himina jah  
 ana airthai. Hlaif unsarana  
 thana sinteinan gif uns him-  
 madago. Jah aflet uns thatei  
 skulans sijaima. swaswe jah  
 weis afletam thaim skulam un-  
 saraim. Jah ni briggais uns in  
 fraistubnjai. ak lausei uns af  
 thamma ubilin. unte theina ist  
 thiudangardi. jah maths. ja  
 wultus in aiwins. Amen.

## LUTHER.

Unser Vater in dem Him-  
 mel! Dein Name werde ge-  
 heiliget. Dein Reich komme.  
 Dein Wille geschehe auf Er-  
 den, wie im Himmel. Unser  
 tägliches Brod gieb uns heute.  
 Und vergieb uns unsere Schul-  
 den, wie wir unsern Schuldig-  
 ern vergeben. Und führe  
 uns nicht in Versuchung, son-  
 dern erlöse uns von dem Uebel.  
 Denn dein ist das Reich und  
 die Kraft, und die Herrlich-  
 keit, in Ewigkeit. Amen.

The prayer of "Wessobrunn," written more than a thousand years ago, begins thus :

"Das erfuhr ich unter den Menschen als der Weisheiten grösste : Da die Erde nicht war, noch der Himmel oben, nicht Berg, nicht Baum nicht war, die Sonne nicht schien, noch der Mond leuchtete, noch der Meersee, da nichts noch war von Ende noch Grenze da war der eine allmächtige Gott!"

"This I heard among men as the greatest of all wisdoms, at a time when there was neither earth nor heaven, mountain or tree, when neither the sun nor moon were shining, when the deep sea did not exist, when there was neither end nor boundary, at that time there existed the one almighty God."

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## THE SONG OF BEOWULF.

Das Gedicht Beowulf, herausgegeben von Thorkelin, Kopenhagen, 1815. John Kemble, The Anglo-Saxon Songs of "Beowulf," "The Traveller's song," and "The battle of Finnisburgh," London, 1835. "A translation of the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf," with a copious glossary, by the same author.

## WESSOBRUNNER GEBET.

"Die beiden ältesten Gedichte des 8en. Jahrhunderts," by Grimm.

## HILDBRANDSLIED.

"Commentarii de rebus Franciae Orientalis," 1, 864-902, by J. G. V. von Eckhart, 1729. "Das Hildbrandslied," by the two brothers Grimm. Lachmann's "Historical and Philological Treatise," 1833. "Haupt's Zeitschrift," 3, 447-452.

## LUDWIGSLIED.

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Our greatest national epic poem, "The Lay of the Nibelungen," in which we find centred the various traditions of our heroic age, appeared, according to the philologist Lachmann, about the year 1210. All writers have agreed respecting its intrinsic literary merit, it is a happily chosen, essentially national subject, its characters are vividly and truthfully delineated; the author, who is unknown, has shown throughout the most cultivated and refined mind, and we look upon it with national pride, as being one of our greatest treasures of antiquity. In order to understand the poem, exclusively based on the first four mythical eras of our history better, we shall draw a line of demarcation between the legends on which it is founded according to the various nationalities alluded to. I have for the guidance of the reader mentioned here the primitive eras in their entirety, so that the legends to which I shall subsequently refer, may also be better understood.

The FIRST ERA is called the lower Rhenish or Franconian; its hero is Sigfrid. The scene where the events take place, Santen, on the lower Rhine.

The SECOND is the Burgundian *era*; its heroes are King Gunther, who resides at Worms, his brothers Gernot and Giseler, his sister Kriemhild, his wife Brunhild, and his vassals Hagan von Tronei and Volker.

The THIRD is the east *Gothic era*; its heroes Dietrich von Bern, Hildebrand, Dietrich's principal

master of arms, with Wolfhart, Wolfrin, Wolfbrant, Sigestab and Helferich his vassals.

The **FOURTH** is that of Etzel or Attila, King of the Huns, of his first wife *Helche*, and her sons, his vassal Rüdiger von Bechlarn, Hawart duke of Lorraine and Irnfrid prince of Thuringia, both allies of Attila. Attila's residence is at Etzel castle (now Ofen) in Hungary.

The **FIFTH**, the northern German, Frisian Danish Normannic, deviates from the preceding eras, and represents the maritime life of northern Germany. The events take place in Friesland, its heroes are Hettel, the Frisian King, Horant the Stomarnking, Wate his uncle, and Hettel's daughter *Gudrun*. The poem of Gudrun, based on the legends of this *era*, is, after the song of the Nibelungen, considered the richest pearl of our epic poetry.

The **SIXTH** and *last Era* is the Lombardian; its heroes are King Rother, King Otnit, Hugdietrich, and his son Wolfdietrich. The events take place in Lombardy, the Tyrol and East.

From certain allusions made in the legends of Hug- and Wolfdietrich, referring to a period antecedent to theirs, it has been inferred by some, that they lived before Dietrich von Bern, but from these productions bearing so unmistakeably the stamp of the time of the Crusades, we must conclude that they were written after the third mythical era, until philological researches shall have established this point more clearly.

## EPIC POEMS OF THE REMOTEST PERIOD.

## THE " NIBELUNGENLIED."

CONDENSED FROM VILMAR'S GESCHICHTE DER DEUTSCHEN  
NATIONAL-LITERATUR.

Many, many years ago, there lived in the ancient royal castle of Worms, a king's daughter of matchless beauty and loveliness called *Kriemhild*.

Having lost her father at an early age, she lived in the greatest retirement with her mother, to whose tender care she had been entrusted. Mysterious forebodings of her future unhappy career, had even at *this* early age spread a certain gloom over her mind, to be still increased, when one night she dreamt, that her favourite falcon had been suddenly attacked by two fierce eagles, and cruelly killed before her eyes. Full of grief she relates on the following morning her sad dream to her mother, who thus explains it: "The falcon, dear child, is a noble warrior, to whom you are destined, may God protect him from an untimely death!"

The shades of this early dream seem to have obscured the bright heaven of her life, darker and darker they spread over the vernal days of her first, sweet, and only love, they thicken threateningly when the festive season of her marriage approaches, until the sun of her life sets for ever in its gloomy majesty.

Meanwhile *Sigfrid*, son of *Sigmund* and *Sigelinda*, living at *Santen* on the Rhine, had grown up in all the pride of strength and manhood.\* Possessing herculean strength, he even at this early age had challenged many a knight, and never found his equal. He hears of the lovely *Kriemhild*,† and determines to possess her. Disregarding the wise counsels of his aged father, and the tears of his mother, he leaves the paternal roof, loaded with rich gifts. Attended by a brilliant suite, mounted on a magnificent charger, he arrives at the castle gate of Worms. Nobody knows them, not even the experienced traveller *Hagan von Tronei*, who at last exclaims :

“The most prominent among them can be no other but *Sigfrid*, the hero, who overcame the race of *Schildung*, he who during a fierce struggle with the dwarf *Alberich*, took from him the garment, which renders invisible whoever wears it, yes that *must be* the same *Sigfrid*, who slew the dragon whose blood has rendered him invulnerable ever since.”

\* In seinen besten Zeiten, bei seinen jungen Tagen,  
Mochte man viel Wunder von Siegfrieden sagen,  
Was Ehren an ihm wuchsen und wie schön war sein Leib,  
Drum dachte sein in Minne manches waidliche Weib.

† Dem Herrn mühte selten irgend ein Herzeleid,  
Er hörte Kunde sagen wie eine schöne Maid,  
In Burgonden wäre, nach Wünschen wohlgethan,  
Von der er bald viel Freuden und auch viel Leides gewann.

Let us receive him hospitably !\*

Sigfrid enters the gates, with his followers, tournaments and banquets are given in his honour, and *Kriemhild* for the first time throws a stealthy glance from her window on the splendid youthful hero ; but keeping in strict seclusion, he for a considerable time to come has no opportunity of seeing her, for whom he so ardently aspires.

He accompanies the Burgundian King during his campaign in Hessen and Saxony, the King Liutger, of which, allied with Liutgast, King of Denmark, had declared war against the Burgundians. Sigfrid, always foremost in battle, makes King Liutgast a prisoner ; after which Liutger is also compelled to yield. Messengers announcing the joyous news of victory arrive at the Rhine, they are conducted before Kriemhild, who, when hearing of Sigfrid's heroic deeds, rewards them with rich gifts.†

Shouts of victory at last announce the arrival of Sigfrid and his followers ; Kriemhild still keeps secluded in her chamber.

\* Er bringet neue Märe her in dieses Land :  
Die kühnen Nibelungen schlug des Helden Hand,  
Die reichen Königssöhne Schilbung und Nibelung,  
Er wirkte grosse Wunder mit des starken Armes Schwung.

† Als sie in ihre Kammer den Boten kommen sah,  
Kriemhild die schöne gar gütlich sprach sie da :  
“ Nun sag mir liebe Märe, so geb ich dir mein Gold,  
Und thust du's ohne Lügen, will ich dir bleiben immer  
hold.”



When the time of Pentecost at last approaches, a tournament takes place at the Burgundian Court. Kriemhild, followed by her mother Ute, and a hundred beautiful and richly attired maidens, is allowed to appear for the first time in public. All eyes are directed upon the King's lovely daughter, when, according to the etiquette of those times, Gernot her brother desires Sigfrid to approach. For the first time they meet face to face, Kriemhild most fervently thanks him for his valuable services given to her brothers;\* after some time the guests depart, except Sigfrid, who, at the instigation of young *Giselher*, determines to prolong his stay at the castle.

But now there lived opposite beyond the sea a queen of dazzling beauty, remarkable for her gigantic strength, most expert in all athletic exercises, and determined to give her hand only to him who should vanquish her in combat. Many a hero had already lost his life in struggling with this formidable amazon. Gunther resolves to try his chance; he invites Sigfrid to lend him his assistance: the latter consents on condition that Gunther, after having succeeded in vanquishing the amazon by his help, should give him his sister Kriemhild for wife: Gunther consents. They start, and arrive after twelve days'

\* Als sie den Hochgemuthen vor sich stehen sah,  
Da erglüh't ihre Farbe; die Schöne sagte da:  
"Willkommen, Herr Sigfrid, ein edler Ritter gut."  
Da ward ihm von dem Grusse wohl erhöht der Muth.

passage before the *Isenstein*, the castle, where *Brunhild* resides. Sigfrid alone knows this mysterious abode, from which we infer that he must have been acquainted with *Brunhild* before. "Be welcome, Sir Sigfrid," she exclaims. "What is the object of your journey?" Sigfrid explains that Gunther had come for her sake alone.

Their combats begin, Sigfrid wearing the dress of the dwarf Alberich, which renders him invisible, fights unseen for Gunther; with terrific force he dashes his spear against the amazon's shield, she falls, gets quickly up, and addressing her attendants exclaims, "You will henceforth be the subjects of King Gunther."\* They prepare for returning home; Sigfrid precedes the happy couple in order to announce their speedy arrival at Worms. His most ardent wishes are realized, as soon as Gunther is joined in marriage to *Brunhild*, the lovely *Kriemhild*, aim of all his aspirations, becomes also *his* wife.

But *Brunhild* looks gloomily and jealously upon the happy couple, tears flow from her eyes, and she reproaches Gunther with having given his sister to one inferior to her in rank.†

\* Zu ihrem Ingesinde laut sprach sie da,  
Als sie gesund den Helden an des Kreisses Ende sah :  
"Ihr meine Freund und Mannen, tretet gleich heran ;  
Ihr sollt dem König Gunther alle werden unterthan."

† This intense jealousy on the part of *Brunhild* is not explained in the poem, but we conclude from it that Sigfrid was not

He succeeds in calming her for a while, yet she has no rest, the thought of her having been defeated by a man renders her miserable. She therefore challenges Gunther a second time to combat, the latter in the temporary absence of *Sigfrid* is vanquished, bound hand and foot with the girdle of the amazon, and only released after earnest and long entreaties.

Feeling ashamed of his disgraceful defeat, Gunther complains of it on the following day to Sigfrid.

The *latter* fights a second time for Gunther, overcomes Brunhild, and deprives her this time of her girdle and ring, which he offers ultimately as a gift to his wife Kriemhild, with whom he lives now in peace and happiness, his father Sigmund having meanwhile yielded to him crown and empire. His happiness reaches its climax when an heir is born to him.

But the flames of jealousy still burn with undiminished fury in Brunhild's heart, and brooding dark thoughts, she induces Gunther to invite Sigfrid and Kriemhild to a visit at their residence in Worms. Gunther objects at first, for reasons best known to himself, but at last reluctantly consents.

unknown to her, an inference confirmed by a northern legend of the mythical age, in which a certain amazon called "Wall-küre" is mentioned, who, after having been kept by the principal god of the Teutons, "Wuotan," in a prison surrounded by a fiery wall, is delivered by Sigfrid, the God of Spring, and married to him. This marriage not being a happy one, they are subsequently separated.

The invitation is accepted, Sigfrid and Kriemhild arrive at Worms, loaded with rich gifts; they meet with a splendid reception, tournaments are given in their honour, and with the stirring blast of the trumpet mingle the sweeter sounds of the harp and flute. But through all this apparent harmony we can detect already the shrill voice of hatred, jealousy, and malice, announcing the perpetration of that foul crime which even after a thousand years fills the soul with horror and dismay !

A fit opportunity for quarrelling with Kriemhild soon presents itself. In going to church, Brunhild insists on taking precedence over Kriemhild in the procession. At last the latter, being publicly insulted by Brunhild, warmly resents such conduct, and the dispute ends by Kriemhild's telling her rival in what manner she had been vanquished by Gunther, namely, through Sigfrid's assistance alone. Brunhild denies it, and becomes almost frantic with rage, when Kriemhild produces the convincing proof, the girdle and ring, adding at the same time some offensive remarks about Brunhild's former relations to Sigfrid.

Now her pride is humbled, she is stung to death, she has but one thought, and that is revenge on Sigfrid, who offended her.

The latter, attaching little importance to the quarrel, good-naturedly tries to reconcile the ladies but in vain. Brunhild's rage knows no bounds.

In this state, Hagan von Tronei finds her ; he sees

his queen and mistress insulted, he determines to revenge her.\*

Er fragte was ihr wäre, weil er sie weinend fand ;  
 Sie sagt' ihm die Märe. Er gelobt ihr gleich zur Hand,  
 Dass es büssen solle der Kriemhilde Mann,  
 Oder man treff' ihn nimmer unter Frölichen an.

Kriemhild's brothers and Ortwin of Metz are consulted on the subject; Giseler alone considers the matter as too trifling, however he is overruled, and Sigfrid's death is determined upon.

Under the pretence of preparing for war, Sigfrid is called upon to join the army; but previous to his departure the treacherous "Hagan," in taking leave of Kriemhild, is desired by her most entreatingly to watch over Sigfrid in battle. "Though almost invulnerable," she tenderly remarks, "there remains a small spot on his shoulder untouched by the dragon's blood, on that spot he is vulnerable." Then the wicked Hagan induces her to sew a silk cross on Sigfrid's dress, so as to point out that vulnerable spot, and the poor unsuspecting Kriemhild sews this *blood sign* with her own hand.

The night before Sigfrid's departure she has again a fearful dream, in which she sees her Sigfrid buried

\* That Hagan should at once have espoused her cause, and shown so much eagerness to revenge her, cannot be entirely attributed to the intense loyalty shown by the vassals of that age towards their superiors, but must have arisen from envy or hatred, Sigfrid being unsurpassed for strength and warlike achievements.



under two gigantic mountains, which have suddenly given way.

With gloomy forebodings she bids to her beloved hero a last farewell.

Once on the march, the sham order is altered, and a hunting party substituted.

After the hunt, the chiefs, weary and thirsty, are conducted by Hagan to a well, taking its source near a lime tree. There the latter invites Sigfrid to run a race with him. Sigfrid accepts, and although heavily armed arrives first; he then puts his arms aside, waiting for the arrival of King Gunther, in order to offer him out of courtesy the first drink.

When the latter has done so, Sigfrid stoops to quench his burning thirst, and just when drawing in the cooling draught, the treacherous Hagan pierces the hero's shoulder right through the cross which marks the vulnerable spot. Sigfrid gets up, his arms are gone, only his shield is left, *this* he seizes with his last herculean grasp and strikes,—the precious stones with which it is set are forced out;\* but his life is ebbing fast away, he sinks down, and the forest around resounds from the heavy fall of the hero.

Growing fainter and fainter, he with a dying voice calls for Gunther; he has but one thought, and that

\* Wie wund er war zum Tode, so kräftig doch er schlug,  
Dass von dem Schilde nieder rieselte genug  
Des edlen Gesteines; der Schild zerbrach auch fast:  
So gern gerochen hätte sich der herrliche Gast.

thought is his beloved wife, his infant child. "Woe to them," he exclaims in expiring, "they will say of *that* child, that his nearest relatives have *slain* his *father*."

The forest flowers around are crimson dyed with the heart blood of the expiring hero, he sighs once more, his spirit is with God !\*

His murderers are at first desirous to conceal the murder, but Hagan is against it. The corpse is carried to Worms, and at the orders of that monster deposited before the very door of Kriemhild's house.

On the following morning, the latter when going to church, sees the corpse of her murdered husband by the lurid light of a torch : she utters *one* piercing cry of horror, she has recognized him !

Sigfrid's old father and attendants hasten to the spot, lamentations and cries fill the hall, they offer to revenge their master, and are with difficulty restrained by Kriemhild, who tells them to bide their time. When the body is laid out, Gunther, his brothers, and also Hagan, approach to see it.

According to an old popular belief, the wounds of a murdered man are said to flow again, whenever the murderer approaches the body. For this reason Kriemhild watched Hagan, and to her horror

\* Die Blumen allenthalben waren vom Blute nass,  
Da rang er mit dem Tode, nicht lange that er das,  
Denn des Todes Waffe schnitt immer allzusehr,  
Auch musste bald ersterben dieser Degen kühn and hehr.

the wounds *did* flow, when that monster approached the corpse.

The body is placed in the silver coffin : Kriemhild frantic with grief and despair rushes near to behold once more the noble features of her murdered husband, with her white hands she raises the hero's head, so beautiful even in death, and presses a last kiss on his pallid lips.

Here ends the first part of the poem. After Sigfrid's death king "Sigmund" returns home with Kriemhild's child, in order to devote himself to his education ; she however remains at Worms, near the grave of the idol of her heart, to bewail his untimely death, and ultimately to revenge it :

Wo ihr Freund begraben lag wie fleissig ging sie hin !  
 Sie that es alle Tage mit traurigem Sinn,  
 Und bat dass Gott der Gute seiner Seele möge pflegen :  
 Gar oft bejammert wurde mit grosser Treue der Degen.

Her brothers, anxious to reconcile her, cause Sigfrid's treasure, the great "Nibelungenhort," to be brought from the distant land of the Nibelungen and given up to "Kriemhild," who following the bent of her kindly disposition is now enabled to devote herself to acts of charity, but the wicked "Tronei," fearing that she might thereby increase her influence with the people, deprives her clandestinely of this treasure, and has it, at Gernot's advice, thrown into the Rhine, between the towns of Worms and Lorsch,

where according to the legend it has remained concealed to this very day. Thirteen years after Sigfrid's death, king "Etzel" (Attila) of Hungary, having lost his wife "Helche," determines, at the advice of his chief, "Rüdiger von Bechlarén," to sue for Kriemhild's hand. The chief entrusted with this mission starts for Worms, where he is hospitably received by Kriemhild's brothers; Hagan however, foreboding ultimate mischief, does all in his power to frustrate Rüdiger's designs. For a considerable time Kriemhild will not listen to Etzel's offers, and when she finally consents, it is only after Rüdiger's solemn promise to assist her in avenging Sigfrid's death:

Darüber schien getröstet die Frau in ihrem Muth,  
 Sie sprach: "Wohlan, so schwöret, was mir Jemand thut,  
 Ihr wollt der erste werden, der rächen will mein Leid,"  
 Da sprach zu ihr der Markgraf: "Dazu bin ich gern bereit."

She then starts for distant Hungary. At Tulna she is met by Etzel, followed by mighty princes and a splendid suite, among whom we mention, Blödel, Etzel's brother, Hawart the Brave, king of the Danes, with his faithful vassal Iring, Irnfrid of Thuringia, mentioned in history under the name of Herrmanfrid, Gibike and Hornboge the Saxon lords, and prince Ramung of Wallachia. But the most prominent among them is Dietrich von Bern, the chief of the Amelung race; his left hand grasps the hilt of his battle-sword, whilst his right is leaning on

a lion shield. Gigantic and powerful like Sigfrid, he resembles the departed hero still more by the fire that flashes from his eye, and the majestic dignity enthroned on his splendid brow.

Kriemhild's marriage is then celebrated with great splendour at Vienna, and a fortnight afterwards she enters Etzel's castle. Several years elapse, during which she has become the mother of a lovely boy, called "Ortlieb." At last the time of revenge is drawing near. Having induced her husband to invite her brothers and the principal Burgundian knights to visit Etzel castle, the far-famed heroes "Werbel" and "Swemlin" are sent for that purpose to Worms. The invitation is accepted by the Burgundians, notwithstanding Hagan's efforts to the contrary, and Kriemhild can hardly restrain her delight when hearing of the successful result of the errand. Soon afterwards the Burgundians, accompanied by the merry singer "Volker," leave for Hungary, travelling up the river "Mein," through Eastern Franconia, down the Danube, the borders of which river they find overflowing. Hagan, the most experienced among the travellers, in trying to find a safe fording-place, meets with two nymphs, one of whom encourages him to proceed on his journey, while the other warns him of the certain destruction of the Burgundians. He then sustains a combat with the ferryman, slays him, seizes his boat, and being a skilled rower, takes the Burgundians safely to the opposite shore, with the exception of the



chaplain, whom he throws overboard, but who saves himself by swimming. After this he destroys the boat so as to render a return impossible. The Burgundians then proceed on their journey, are most hospitably received by Rüdiger von Bechlaren and his amiable wife Gotelinde, with whose lovely daughter Dietlinde, young Giseler falls in love during his short stay at the castle, and is betrothed to her.

Als nun begann zu fragen die minnigliche Maid  
 Ob sie den Recken wolle, zum Theil war es ihr Leid ;  
 Doch dachte sie zu nehmen den waidlichen Mann  
 Sie schämte sich der Frage, wie manche Maid hat gethan.

They then depart, pass through Dietrich's estates, who with his trustworthy Hildbrand meets them at the head of his powerful host called "Die Wölfin-schar."

Dietrich, in a conversation with Hagan, warns his old friend to be on his guard. When they at last reach Etzel's castle, the King and Kriemhild step to the window to see them enter. "Behold," exclaims the latter on seeing the well-known Burgundian colours, and the glittering of the eagle helmets, "behold my long expected relatives, let those who love me, *now* remember all I have suffered." The Huns have assembled in great numbers to see the splendid entry of the Burgundians, all eyes are directed upon Hagan von Tronei, who, clad in steel armour, and mounted on a magnificent charger, is prominent

among all by his gigantic size and terror-inspiring countenance :

Der Held war wohlgenwachsen, das ist sicher wahr  
 Von Schultern breit und Brüsten gemischt war sein Haar  
 Mit einer greisen Farbe, von Beinen war er lang  
 Und schrecklich von Gesichte, er hatte herrlichen Gang.

The Burgundians having entered the castle, Volker the singer, anticipating the coming storm, enters into a solemn pact with Hagan to defend each other unto death. The latter then meets Kriemhild, who reproaches him with the murder of her husband. "I did slay him," Hagan insolently replies, "and am prepared to abide the consequences." Kriemhild without replying leaves him to receive her brothers in the hall, but only Giseller the youngest meets with a hearty welcome. According to the then prevailing custom, the guests are desired to give up their arms ; Hagan however refuses doing so, and when "Kriemhild" inquires about the cause of his mistrust, the noble "Dietrich von Bern" steps forth, exclaiming, "It's I who warned him, my lady, and on me, I trust, you will not revenge it." She vainly appeals to him and Hildbrand to assist her in carrying out her treacherous designs. Blödel, Etzel's brother, however, consents to attack those Burgundian soldiers who, under the command of Dankwart, Hagan's brother, had been encamped near the castle.

Blödel at once proceeds to Dankwart's tent to challenge him to combat, but is speedily dis-

patched by the latter. Then a terrible combat takes place between the Burgundians and Blödel's followers, in which the former, outnumbered by their opponents, are slain. Dankwart alone escapes with the loss of his shield, forces his passage to the royal hall, cutting down all those who oppose him. He enters it covered with gore, crying, with a voice of thunder, "Hagan, revenge our murdered comrades!" "Nun trinken wir die Minne und opfern des Königs Wein," shouts the latter in starting from his seat—words beautifully expressive of the occasion, and applying here to an old custom of the heathens, prevailing at their banquets, according to which a goblet was always emptied in remembrance of the dead. "Minne" signifies in memory of; "Des Königs Wein," the blood of the king's relatives, which was to flow in streams. Hagan draws his sword: with one blow he cuts off the head of young Ortlieb, Etzel's son, a second fells the child's guardian to the ground. Völker, Gunther, Gernot, and at last Giseller, rise to revenge the death of their fallen brethren. The banqueting hall is soon covered with the corpses of the Huns. Whilst the combat is raging fiercest, Kriemhild appeals to Dietrich for protection. The gallant hero, remembering what he owes to the woman, the queen, and to the wife of his hospitable friend, readily consents; but being himself unconcerned in the strife, he asks permission to retire with her from the hall—a request granted by Gunther.

The carnage begins with renewed fury : then follows a short respite, during which Hagen upbraids Etzel for not participating in the struggle, calling him a coward, and scornfully challenging him to combat. The challenge is accepted by the noble Iring, Margrave of Danemark. A terrific struggle ensues ; Iring being powerless against his formidable enemy, attacks alternately Volker and Ger- not. The latter fells Iring to the ground : he rises again, and striking at Hagan a terrific blow with his famous sword "Waske," wounds him slightly. Being in his turn assailed by the infuriated Hagan, Iring is driven down stairs, but forces his way up again. A spear from Hagan's hand enters his forehead : he falls to rise no more. Irnfrid of Thuringia and Hawart have also succumbed. Night sets in to interrupt the work of blood and carnage, its stillness only broken by the sighs and cries of the dying and wounded. The combatants now divest themselves of their heavy armour to cool and rest their weary limbs ; but Hagan and Volker remain fully armed. Knowing their fate, they request to be allowed to leave the hall, in order to meet with a speedy death from the Huns who crowd the court below ; but Kriemhild, notwithstanding the entreaties of her brother Giselher, and fearing that Hagan might escape, refuses this last request. Relentless even unto death, she now gives orders to set fire to the hall : dense columns of smoke have soon enveloped it in their stifling embrace, and the lurid

flames rise heavenwards through that night of terror, blood, and crime.

Das Feuer fiel gewaltig auf sie in den Saal :  
 Sie wandten mit den Schilden es von sich ab im Fall  
 Der Rauch und auch die Hitze schmerzten sie gar sehr  
 Also grosser Jammer geschieht wohl Helden nimmer mehr.

Half suffocated, with parched lips, and without anything to quench their intolerable thirst, they have taken their place along the stone walls, protecting themselves as well as they can with their shields against the burning atmosphere around, and when the first rays of God's glorious light are reappearing in the heavens, and the last piece of wood has been consumed by the devouring element, the terrible combatants are seen blackened and scorched, but still undaunted, and ready to spend their last remaining strength in this hopeless death-struggle. The combat begins again, and again the Huns cover the staircase with their corpses. Etzel now appeals to his most faithful adherents for assistance. Rüdiger von Bechlaren's noble heart at first hesitates, for it was he who conducted the Burgundians hither ; to be instrumental in their destruction would be perfidy, and yet to abandon his queen, to whom he has sworn allegiance, would be high treason and perjury. The sense of loyalty in Rüdiger is too strong : no, he will not betray his king.

Da setzt er auf die Wage die Seele wie den Leib,  
 "Da began zu weinen König Etzels Weib.  
 Er sprach." Ich muss euch halten den Eid den ich gethan  
 O weh ! meine Freunde, gar ungern greif ich sie an."



Rüdiger now advances, engages in a murderous combat with Gernot, and fells him ; but the latter rising again, strikes a deadly blow at Rüdiger : they both die on the same spot. Now lamentations are heard everywhere, for Rüdiger the good, the upright, and the brave, is no more ! When the news of his death reaches the ears of Dietrich von Bern he is horror-struck. The race of the gigantic Amelungs then prepare to revenge Rüdiger's death. Volker, the merry singer, is slain by Hildbrand : a terrific combat ensues between Giselher and Wolfheart, in which both are destroyed, and Hagan having inflicted a severe wound on Hildbrand, the latter is compelled to leave the scene of carnage. His master Dietrich, at last advances to sustain the final struggle against Gunther and Hagan, the only Burgundians still erect among the desolation around. Having summoned the latter to surrender, Hagan replies, "No, not until my good Nibelungen sword shall have been broken to atoms." He and Gunther, however, are finally overcome by Dietrich, bound by him, and conducted in this helpless state before Kriemhild, who offers to spare Hagan's life, if he will tell her where he concealed the Nibelungenhort.

Hin ging die Königstochter, wo sie Hagen sah ;

Wie feindselig sprach sie zu dem Recken da :

"Wollt ihr mir wiedergeben was ihr mir habt genommen,  
So möget ihr wohl noch lebend heim zu den Burgonden  
kommen."

"As long as one of my masters lives," replies the

latter, "I shall not divulge the secret." Then the cruel woman causes Gunther's head to be cut off before Hagan's eyes, who, although faint unto death, still retains his haughty and defiant attitude, and refuses to reveal the secret. "In that case," exclaims Kriemhild, "there remains to me Sigfrid's good sword, with which to revenge his foul murder;" and, drawing it out of the scabbard, she plunges it into Hagan's heart. One deed of blood remains still to be enacted, and we shall throw a veil over this picture of horror, passion, and crime. Hildbrand, frantic with grief and rage, revenges Hagan's death on Kriemhild, who falls in uttering a piercing cry :

Da waren auch die Stolzesten erlegen vor dem Tod ;  
 Die Leute hatten alle Jammer und Herzensnoth,  
 Mit Leide war beendet des Königs Lustbarkeit,  
 Wie die Liebe Leiden gern am letzten Ende leiht.

The Nibelungenlied bears a more national character than any other epic poem of our primitive age ; and appeals therefore more forcibly to the nation's heart wherein it has taken root, just as our native oaks are rooted in the soil of our Fatherland. The manifestations of nature, be they soul-gladdening or awe-inspiring, have always produced a greater effect on the mind of primitive nations, the image of nature throwing a purer and stronger light into the souls of the children of nature, the impressions thus received have been uttered afterwards in language bearing unmistakeably the impress of this pure origin.

In our epic poem the sun rises magnificently and sets gloomily in its crimson-dyed majesty. At the dawn all is pleasurable and lovely, we see but vernal flowers scattered on our path, we listen with rapture to songs celebrating the return of spring, everything around breathes joy and peace, but alas the beautiful picture soon vanishes, smiles change into frowns, love into hatred ; charity, hospitality, and kindness into relentless persecution and enmity ; the heart's sweet and kindly offerings into the gloom of passion, hatred, revenge, blood and death!

The historical events alluded to frequently offer the most palpable contradictions, dates and events are confusedly mixed together, the chain is often broken ; now and then the mythical effaces the historical element, at which we should not feel astonished, when we remember, that the poem was transmitted from one generation to another, and must therefore have suffered at different periods great alterations in its historical character, independently of the fact, that in proportion as the heathen myth was gradually disappearing, the legends bearing upon the primitive eras must have become in consequence more and more incomprehensible to succeeding generations. It is probable that the various songs appeared about the year 1170, in a connected shape, and that the whole poem was published about the year 1210. The author of this great epic is unknown, and how can it be otherwise, when we recollect that many writers of succeeding



Es wuchs in Burgonden ein edel Mägdelein,  
 Wie in allen Landen nichts schöner mochte sein.  
 Kriemhild war sie geheissen und ward ein schönes Weib,  
 Um das viel Degen mussten verlieren Leben und Leib.

3. Ir pflagen dri kunige edel vnt rich,  
 Gunther und Gernot die rechen lobelich,  
 Vnt Giseler der junge, ein wetlicher degen ;  
 Div frowe was ir swester, die helde hetens in ir pflegen.  
 Sie pflegten drei Könige, edel und reich,  
 Gunther und Gernot, die Recken ohne Gleich;  
 Und Geiselher der junge, ein waidlicher Degen ;  
 Ihre Schwester war die Fraue, die Helden hatten sie zu  
 pflegen.

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We possess another poem, describing the early adventures of Sigfrid, called "Das Lied vom hürnin Sigfried" (The song of the horny Sigfrid). The following is the substance of it. A treacherous blacksmith sends Sigfrid under some pretext to the wood, so that he might become there the prey of a formidable dragon. Sigfrid, however, slays the monster ; and after having bathed in its blood, is



made thereby invulnerable (horny). He then hears that Kriemhild, the daughter of King Gibbich of Burgundy, had been carried off by another enchanted dragon, to whom she was to be married as soon as the spell should have been broken. Sigfrid determines to deliver her. In passing through the wood, he meets a dwarf wearing a dazzling crown, and mounted on a black horse. Sigfrid having heard from him, that the giant Kuperan guards the entrance of the dragon's den, sustains several terrible combats with the giant, and having finally vanquished him, attacks the dragon, and succeeds in killing it. During the struggle the dwarfs and cobolds of the mountain escape, carrying off at the same time the great treasure of the King of the Nibelungen entrusted to their keeping. Finally, however, it falls again into Sigfrid's hands, who, after having delivered the beautiful Kriemhild, of course marries her, but on this occasion the dwarf "Engel" prophesies Sigfrid's early and cruel death. The poem alludes afterwards to the legends contained in the first part of the *Nibelungenlied*. We find a translation of it in the second volume of "*Hagen's und Primisser's Heldenbuch*."

Among the old popular songs treating on the third, the East Gothic Era, and on the adventures of its principal hero, "*Dietrich von Bern*," we mention here "*Ecken Ausfahrt*" ("*Eggenlied*") and "*King Laurin*." The former describes the adventures of "*Ecke*," who, at the instigation of his friends "*Fasolt*," "*Ebenrot the Wild*," and three beautiful

queens, leaves his home in order to fight against "Dietrich von Bern," by whom he, after many a murderous encounter, is finally slain. Joseph von Lassberg and Schönhut have published fragments of the "Eggenlied." We find it also in the first volume of "Hagen's Heldenbuch," published in the year 1820.

"King Laurin" is a dwarf legend of the Tyrol. Laurin resides in a beautiful rose-garden, inaccessible to anybody; a silken thread encloses it on all sides, and woe to him who tears it, for he is sure to lose either his hand or foot. Many a hero having thus lost his life, "Dietrich von Bern" and "Wittich" determine to punish the dwarf. They first encounter "Dietlieb of Steiermark," brother of the lovely "Similde," whom the cruel dwarf had carried off, and then compelled her brother "Dietlieb" to serve under him. He and the treacherous imp, having been vanquished, the latter prepares a beverage which makes his conquerors fall into a death-like sleep, and in this state of helplessness has them all thrown into prison. When Dietrich awakens, his rage knows no bounds; the legend informs us that his very breath changed into fire and flames, by which his fetters are consumed. Then ensues a fearful struggle between the heroes and the whole dwarfish community. "Dietlieb" profits by this opportunity of deserting his master, delivering his sister, and conducting her home. "King Laurin" however is led to "Verona," where, according to one account, he is said to have

ultimately become a Christian. Another poem based on this era, and published in the 14th century, "Die Rabenschlacht," Battle of Ravenna, deserves to be mentioned here. "Scharf" and "Ort," sons of King "Etzel," leave their home to the great grief of their mother "Helche," in order to assist "Dietrich" in his struggle against his uncle "Ermanrich." Arriving at Ravenna, "Dietrich," having pledged his word to watch over the safety of "Helche's" children, confides them and his own brother "Dieter," before leaving for the scene of war, to the care of "Ilsan." The ardour of the young heroes, however, is too great, they leave clandestinely, meet the formidable giant "Wittich," who kills one of the brothers, and then generously offers to spare the life of the second. The latter, however, anxious to revenge his brother's death, refuses to yield, and meets also with his death. "Dieter" is likewise killed. When "Dietrich" hears of their death, he becomes almost frantic with rage, advances to attack "Wittich," who, instead of showing fight, jumps into the sea, where he is saved by the mermaid "Wâchilt." Then follows the mourning of Queen "Helche" for the death of her sons, "whose bones are bleaching on yonder bleak heath over which the ravens are hovering," words used by "Rüdiger," when informing the poor mother of her children's untimely death. She then addresses bitter reproaches to "Dietrich," for not having watched over them as he had promised, but seeing how deeply and sincerely that hero himself

bewailed their loss she ultimately forgives him. The poem of the Battle of Ravenna is contained in the second volume of "von der Hagen's and Primisser's Heldenbuch." "Ettmüller" also published the same in a fragmentary form in the year 1846.

Let us now, in concluding our remarks on the legends of this era, say a few words of another epic belonging to it, called the "Rosengarten zu Worms," a poem abounding in eccentricities, and most perplexing to the philologist, on account of the wonderfully confused manner in which events, dates, and individualities are mixed together. Kriemhild, again the heroine of the subject, owns a beautiful garden, called the "Rosengarten zu Worms," the keeping of which is entrusted to Sigfrid and the principal Burgundian knights. "Gibbich," Kriemhild's father, had promised to him who should force an entrance into this garden, several rich rewards, among which a wreath of roses, and above all a kiss from Kriemhild's fair lips were those most coveted by the gallant swains. "Dietrich von Bern," following the advice of his master-of-arms, "Hildbrand," leaves his home to obtain the tempting prize. The most characteristic and somewhat comical figure in the poem is monk "Ilsan," Hildbrand's brother. Once a warrior himself, he had for many years past changed the busy life of the world for the solitude of the convent. He is now appealed to by "Dietrich," who, on the point of leaving for his expedition, stands in need of the co-operation of another combatant. It is mid-

night. A knock is heard at the door of the convent. "What's the matter," cries Ilsan, just starting from his sleep. "Sir," replies a monk who had stepped to the window, "I see an old warrior, carrying three wolves on his shield and a golden serpent on his helmet." "That's my brother Hildbrand," exclaims Ilsan. "But," continues the monk at the window, "near him stands a young man of gigantic size, mounted on a splendid charger, carrying the lion on his shield." "That's my brother Dietrich," says Ilsan. The door is opened, at first they are coldly received; but when Ilsan hears of the object of their errand, that they are going

"To see the river Rhine,  
Where dwells the maiden fine,"

the warlike spirit of the monk is roused again, he throws away his hood and the old armour worn in many a previous battle, which had never left him during his seclusion in the convent, becomes now visible under his vestments. Ilsan, having received permission from his superiors, then sets out, followed by the maledictions of the other monks, to whom he had always been a great bully. Once on the road, the gloomy friar becomes quite sprightly, plays the most extraordinary pranks, rolls himself on the grass, in short, exhibits that peculiar exuberance of spirits so well defined by Goethe in these lines:

"Ihm ward kannibälistch wohl,  
Wie fünf hundert Säuen."



He arrives at Worms, obtains the sweet reward from Kriemhild, whose face however is rendered almost sore, owing to the intensity with which the bearded monk inflicts the "baiser de rigueur" on the lovely maiden's rosy cheeks. After this performance he returns to the convent with his rose wreaths, the thorns of which he forces into the monks' heads, in order to repay them with interest for their kind wishes expressed at his departure. When they ultimately refuse to lend him their spiritual assistance, he quietly ties their beards together, and suspends the poor friars on a long pole, like so many sparrows, all in a row. Monk Ilsan has for centuries remained a favourite character in our early history, a fact to which the woodcuts of the 15th century bear ample testimony. The poem was written before the year 1295. W. Grimm published an excellent translation of it in the year 1836, and it is also contained in the second volume of "Hagen's and Prümmer's Heldenbuch."

### GUDRUN.

The legends of the fifth era, called the Northern German, Danish, Friesian, Normanic, alludes to the maritime life of Northern Germany, and the mysteries of the vast ocean which borders it. This cycle is represented in our literature by the epic poem of "Gudrun," which, next to the "Nibelungen," occupies so prominent a place in our ancient literature, that competent judges have called it "Die Nebensonne," that is, the reflection of that great epic poem.

Let us remember that these earliest productions of our literature are the real standard by which we can judge correctly the character of the Teutonic race; the purest life-blood of the nation flows through them, they are the mirrors wherein we see reflected those qualities which have formed, and let us hope always will form so transcendent a feature in the character of the Teutonic race; loyalty, good faith, sincerity, devotedness and kindness, (*die deutsche Treue, Milde und Dankbarkeit*) find therein their truest and purest representatives. The poem of "Gudrun" embraces three generations, that of "Hagan," king of Ireland, of "Hettel," king of Friesland, and of "Gudrun," "Hettel's" daughter. The various Germanic races have preserved the song of "Horant" the "Stomarnking," who, with the warlike chiefs "Frute" and "Wate," were sent as ambassadors to Hagan's court, in order to sue, in the name of their master king "Hettel," for the hand of the lovely "Hilda," "Hagan's" daughter. "Horant," possessing a most beautiful voice, moves by its melody the heart of the fair "Hilda," who becomes "Hettel's" wife. They had two children, "Ortwin" and "Gudrun." When the latter has grown up, a certain Norman prince of the name of "Hartmut," asks her in marriage, but owing to an inveterate enmity existing between the Friesian and Normannic races, his offers are rejected. King "Herwig" of "Sealand," more successful, is betrothed to "Gudrun:"

Da ward getraut die Schöne, dem Recken jetzt zur Stund,  
Der sie sollte krönen, und ihm ward von ihr kund

Missmuth so wohl wie Freude, man gab sie ihm zum Weibe  
 Das spürten bald im Kampfe, viel wackere Recken selbst an  
 ihrem Leibe.

Immediately afterwards father and bridegroom are compelled to leave for a distant war, and during their absence the disappointed "Hartmut" and his father "Ludwig" attack "Hettel's" castle and succeed in carrying off "Gudrun." When informed of the dastardly deed, "Hettel" and "Herwig" at once return, accompanied by their heroic chiefs, among whom "Wate" is foremost, they overtake their treacherous foes near a place called "Der Wulpen-sand" or "Wulpenweide," an island in the German Ocean. Here a terrific battle ensues, and just when the sun is setting "Hettel" is slain by "Ludwig," the Norman king. "Wate" then continues the combat, but when night has set in, the Normans succeed in escaping with their prey, poor "Gudrun." "Wate" having lost nearly all his men is unable to pursue them, silently and mournfully he returns to the castle, he so often had entered before as conqueror, in order to communicate the sad tidings to "Gudrun's" mother "Hilda":

O weh! welch grimmes Leiden, sprach des König's Weib,  
 Wie ist von mir gewichen, mein Herz der süsse Leib:  
 Der mächt'ge Recke Hettel, meine Ehre muss nun schwinden,  
 Und sie ist auch verloren! Mein Auge wird Gudrun nicht  
 wieder finden!

Gudrun is then conducted to Ludwig's castle, where queen "Sigelinda" at first receives her kindly, but soon alters her tone, when she finds "Gudrun" de-

terminated to keep inviolate the faith she has pledged to her beloved "Herwig." Nothing, not even the most cruel treatment she has to suffer, can make her swerve from the path of duty and virtue. She is obliged to do the lowest menial work, to which she cheerfully submits rather than act against the dictates of her conscience. Thus several years elapse, during which the Friesian heroes have made the most strenuous efforts to repair their losses, and to get ready an armed expedition for the delivery of "Gudrun;" at last they are able to start. After a long and dangerous voyage, they reach an island, from the most elevated part of which they discover the Norman coast, glittering in the morning light, blessed sight, after so many toils and labours! Gudrun had, on the eve of their arrival, been sent as usual to the seashore, here a nymph had appeared to her, informing her that her sufferings would now soon come to an end. Thus engaged in conversation, she had remained beyond the time allotted by her cruel mistress. To punish her, she is sent back to the dreary shore on the following morning, barefooted and thinly dressed. On this very morning her brother and her bridegroom "Herwig" arrive in a barge to reconnoitre the country, they see poor "Gudrun," cold and shivering, her golden hair a play to the wild winds of heaven, they approach and salute without recognising her. At last, when she sees the ring on her bridegroom's finger, she can no longer restrain her feelings, for SHE has recognized them at the first

glance. They are then informed of the cruel treatment which she, for her lover's sake, had suffered ; they refrain, however, from delivering her then, for according to the strict code of honour of those times, it would have been deemed dishonourable in a knight to get by stealth, what he might have obtained by his good sword. They return in order to prepare for assaulting the castle that very night. "Gudrun" and her faithful companion in suffering, "Hildburg," watch the approach of their deliverers from the castle tower ; the moon shines bright, and the steel helmets of the heroes can be seen glittering in the distance. Here the poem beautifully describes a dialogue between "Gudrun" and "Hildburg," in which the former weeps over the bloodshed and misery which for her sake is about to take place :

Da sah sie reiche Segel sich blähn auf der See,  
 Da sprach die edle Jungfrau : " Nun ist es erst mir weh."  
 " Ach ! wehe mir Verlassenen, dass ich je ward geboren,  
 Manchem wackeren Helden, gebt Leib und Leben jetzt  
 verloren."

The storm now begins, Ludwig, the Norman king falls under the heavy blows of "Herwig ;" "Sigelinda" has already drawn the sword to revenge her husband's death on Gudrun, who in her turn is saved by "Hartmut." "Sigelinda" falls by the hand of the chief "Wate," "Gudrun" having vainly interposed to save her life. When the combat is over all resentment ceases, "Gudrun" is joined to "Herwig." "Hartmut," the Norman king, marries



“Hildburg,” the faithful companion of Gudrun during her captivity and sufferings, and “Ortwin,” “Gudrun’s” brother, is joined to Hartmut’s sister, “Ortrun.” The last traces of their dissensions are effaced by an alliance between “Herwig” and “Ortwin,” by which they take a pledge to defend each other against any aggressor :

Ortwin und Herwig schwuren jetzt zusammen,  
Einander stete Treue dass sie ihr Fürstenamt,  
Wollten in hohen Ehren und preiswürdig tragen,  
Wer ihnen schaden wollte, den wollten beide fangen und  
erschlagen.

Whilst in the Nibelungen-lay we sympathize with the unutterable grief of “Kriemhild,” our moral feelings condemn the act which makes her commit so fearful a revenge. In Gudrun, however, we see a pattern of every womanly virtue, purity, gentleness and resignation, who when restored to her former position, effaces the last traces of the past, by doing good to those who persecuted her in the hour of her misfortunes. In the Nibelungen the sun sets gloomily among hatred, strife and bloodshed, in Gudrun it leaves us shedding its benign rays over the country around in calm majesty and peace. For the preservation of this poem we are indebted to the Emperor Maximilian I., who had it inscribed on parchment and preserved in the imperial library of Ambas, in the Tyrol. Gervinus and Keller, two eminent German philologists, have in modern

times translated this second pearl of our early epic poetry.

### SIXTH ERA.

Of the 6th Era, called the Lombardian, the poems of king "Rother," king "Otnit," and of "Hug and Woldietrich" deserve to be mentioned. King "Rother" residing at "Bari" in "Apulia," sends twelve knights to the Emperor Constantine, whose daughter he is anxious to marry. Whilst negotiations are carried on for this purpose at Constantinople, "Rother," somewhat impatient, suddenly appears in that town, where by stratagem and force he obtains possession of the fair princess, and carries her off. The Turks, however, succeed in delivering her, but after a second battle, "Rother," through the co-operation of a host of giants, proves victorious, and gains finally permanent possession of the object of his wishes. The poem, although of a secondary order, is not without some literary merit.

The legend of Otnit dates from a more remote origin. "Otnit," ardently loves the daughter of a heathen king, but like all the knightly swains of that period has to fight for his love. He vanquishes however all obstacles, leads the lovely maiden home, has her baptized and called "Sidrat," and then lives with her many years happy and prosperous at "Garda."

The legend of "Hug and Woldietrich" is interwoven with that of "Otnit." Like his predecessors, Hugdietrich loves a fair princess, enters her father's

castle in disguise and elopes with her. Hugdietrich's son "Wolfdietrich," having been deprived of his inheritance by his brothers, declares war against them ; but in the struggle his bravest and most faithful adherents are either killed or made captives. The poem describes in glowing terms, "Wolfdietrich's" grief at the loss of his friends, another instance of the heartfelt and sincere attachment shown by the old chiefs towards their allies and adherents, fidelity having always been a striking feature in their character. After many encounters with giants and dragons, he meets "Otnit," vanquishes him, and becomes finally his ally. When "Wolfdietrich" some time afterwards, sets out for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, "Otnit," receives from his treacherous father-in-law two young dragons, by whom he is ultimately devoured. This part of the poem is rich in touching episodes, and describes the attachment shown to "Otnit" during his combats with the dragons by his faithful horse and dog. When returning from his pilgrimage, "Wolfdietrich" revenges "Otnit's" death, obtains his celebrated breastplate called "Brünne," mentioned in the "Eggenlied," and finally marries the widow "Sidrat." After this he vanquishes his brothers, delivers his captive friends, and having finally yielded his empire to his son "Hugdietrich," called thus after his grandfather, he enters a convent and is said to have died during a nightly combat with the spirits.

These Lombardian legends, of which the authors

are unknown, form part of the celebrated "Heldenbuch."

We now approach a period when our literature having lost that essentially national character, which had hitherto distinguished it, began to move in a foreign sphere. Having, on a previous occasion, enumerated the cycles on which our earliest national legends are founded, I shall now, in the same manner, indicate the various literary groups, constituting that era, which on account of its more refined character, has been denominated that of the "Kunst-epos" (Aesthetic poetry.)

To the FIRST of these groups belong the French legends of Charlemagne, also called the Carlovingian era, including the "Rolandslied," "Die Roncesvalschlacht" and "Wilhelm von Oranse." The SECOND contains the legends of the "Holy Graal," or "Graalsage," on which the trilogy "Parcival," "Lohengrin" and "Titurel" is founded. The THIRD embraces the legends of the Celtic tribes, the ancient Britons and Welsh, those of king "Artus," and the knights of the Round Table, including "Tristan" and "Isolt," by "Gottfried von Strassbourg," "Erec and Iwein" by "Hartmann von der Aue," and "Wigalois" by "Grafenberg."

The FOURTH contains all the legends based on ancient poems, such as the Trojan war, Virgil's *Æneas*, by Heinrich von Veldekin, and Lamprecht's Alexander the Great. The legends of the FIFTH group bear an essentially saintly character.

## FIRST GROUP.

## ÆSTHETIC POETRY, DAS KUNSTEPOS.

The Carlovingian era, is almost exclusively represented in our poetry by the Ronceval battle, or Rolandslied. Grown originally in the soil of France, the poetical seeds have been scattered over many countries, for independently of several French versions, we possess a Latin, English, German, and Icelandic account of the legend. The Rolandslied itself is founded on an event, occurring between the years 777 and 778, of comparatively little importance. "Eginhard," the secretary of Charlemagne, relates, that in the year 777, an embassy was sent by the governor of Caesaris Augusta, now Saragossa, to Paterborn, where Charlemagne resided, in order to demand assistance against Emir Abdaraman. Charles, having complied with the request, leaves for Spain, subdues the country as far as Saragossa, but in the midst of his victories he is informed that the Saxons have broken out in rebellion under their chief "Wittekind," and massacred Charles's great chief "Hruodlandus." Out of these scanty materials romanic poetry has erected one of its loftiest monuments, a convincing proof that the respective merits of the poems and legends of antiquity cannot be measured by the events on which they are based, for the historical element, independently of its being confused and contradictory, is in most cases of a very subordinate nature. We must therefore, not look to the events, but to the character of the



nation described therein, and in this respect these early poems reflect most faithfully the national mind ; in reading them we hear as it were the beating of the nation's heart. A priest of the name of "Conrad," translated the subject from a French original, at the instigation of Duke Henry the Lion, between the years 1172 and 1177. The poem begins thus :

Creator of all things, emperor of all kings,  
 Thou highest priest and judge, teach me thy words,  
 Send unto me thy holy law, that I may shun falsehood,  
 And write down the truth of a beloved man, how he won  
     God's kingdom, that's Charles the Emperor,  
 Now with God, with whose help he overcame many a heathen  
     country, and thus did honour to the Christians.

"Schöpfer aller Dinge, Kaiser aller Könige, wol du oberster  
 Priester und Richter (Ewart) lehre mich selbst deine Worte,  
 sende mir zu Munde, deine heilige Urkunde, dass ich die Lüge  
 vermeide, die Wahrheit schreibe, von einem theuerlichen Mann,  
 wie er das Gottesreich gewann, das ist Karl der Kaiser, vor  
 Gott ist er, denn er mit Gott überwand viel manch heidnische  
 Land, damit er die Christen hat geehrt."

The following is the subject of the Rolandslied. Charles, followed by a great army, leaves for Spain to subdue the heathen. Having advanced as far as Saragossa, he receives a message from king "Marsilie," who, closely pressed and following the advice of the old sage "Blanscandiz," offers his submission, expressing at the same time the wish of becoming a Christian. His real design, however, is to deceive Charles, and ultimately to betray the

small detachment of troops, which the latter, trusting in Marsilie's professions, would have left behind. Roland, Olivier, Turpin and Naimes, his great chiefs, at once perceive the snare, and warn their master to be on his guard. Genelun, Roland's stepfather, however, declares in favour of Marsilie's offers, upon which the chiefs express their readiness to proceed to the court of the heathen king. Charles, however, objects to their going thither. Roland then suggests that Genelun should be sent, at which the latter feels very indignant, knowing well that such an errand would be certain death to him. He however leaves, with the treacherous Blanscandiz, attended by 700 chosen men. Once on their road, both enter into a conspiracy against Roland. Having arrived, king Marsilie at the advice of Blanscandiz, accepts unconditionally all the offers made by Charles. Genelun, the traitor, then returns to the court of the emperor, and having recommended Roland as the fittest governor for Spain, the latter leaves, attended by a very small army. Having set foot on Spanish ground, he is attacked by the overwhelming numbers of the treacherous heathen; three times he repulses them, but new levies constantly advance against the small band of the Christian heroes. A fourth terrific battle ensues, and when it is raging fiercest, Roland seizes his ivory bugle, called "Olifant," its mighty sounds drown the battle cries, and reach Charles' ears at a

great distance. He at once starts to succour his devoted friends, but his bravest chiefs, Olivier, Turpin and Roland, have fallen meanwhile like heroes. The latter, when already in a dying state, seizes his battle-sword "Durandarte," in order to break it against the rock, so that it might not fall into heathen hands. Nothing however will prevail against the old blade, as long as the hero grasps it in his hands. Roland then recommends his soul to God, offers a last prayer for his emperor, and dies. Then follows the revenge of the victorious Charles on the heathen, the mourning song of Roland, and the punishment of the traitor Genelun, who is condemned to be torn to pieces, a sentence carried into execution in the market place at Aix-la-Chapelle. We possess another poem of this era, formerly called "Breimunt," and now "Karlmainet." "Wilhelme von Oranse," a work of great literary merit, belongs to the same period ; it is founded on the events of the epoch of Louis the Pious, and derived from a Welsh original, which Landgraf Herrmann of Thuringia had procured for the poet. Wolfram v. Eschenbach, published a fragment of the poem ; its language is highly graphic, but the subject itself of a subordinate character. We must not omit mentioning here the popular legend called the "Heimonskinder," in which the various struggles between Charlemagne and his vassals are described. The poem of "Flos und Blankfloss," (Fleur et Blanche fleur), alludes to the adventures of the

maternal ancestor of Charlemagne, and dates from the middle of the 13th century, it is ascribed to Konrad v. Flecke, who draws therein a beautiful picture of true love, between Flos, the son of a pagan king, and Blankflos, a Christian maiden.

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## WILHELM VON ORANSE,

Casparson, 1782.

Lachmann, 1833.

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## FLOS UND BLANKFLOS.

Konrad von Flecke translated the poem from a French original of Ruprecht von Orbent. 1230.

Emil Sommer's *Flore und Blanscheflur*, eine erzählung von Konrad v. Flecke. 1846.

## SECOND GROUP.

## GRAALSAGE.

According to the legend, the holy Graal or chalice, a gem of the most costly description, possessed mysterious properties, and represented the higher spiritual life. No harm, it was said, befel him who gazed at it, as eternal youth was the portion of those to whose keeping the jewel was entrusted. Every Friday a white dove descended from heaven to place the host in the sacred vessel. To be its guardian was considered the greatest honour. "Titurel," the son of some fabulous king of Anjou, built a magnificent temple for the keeping of this wonderful gem. It was of a circular form, surrounded by 72 chapels, each of which was surmounted by a high tower; the roof and altarpiece were of the most costly description; sparkling diamonds, representing sun and moon, formed the dome. Only the pure in heart were allowed to approach the sanctuary, and there is no doubt that the origin of the order of the Templars is connected with the myth of the holy Graal. It forms the principal subject of Wolfram v. Eschenbach's "Parcival," "Titurel," and "Lohengrin." Of this trilogy "Parcival" possesses the highest literary merit. Whilst in the "Artus" legends a description of purely worldly events is given, we possess in those of the Graal the embodiment of the struggles be-



tween mind and matter, good and evil. This is exemplified by "Parcival," a man who, after having strayed from the path of righteousness and renounced his Creator, retraces his steps when just on the brink of the abyss which is to engulf him for ever, who redeems the errors of the past, by devoting himself with a repenting heart to all that is good, pure, and virtuous.

The following is an outline of the poem. "Parcival," the son of "Gamuret," of the royal house of Anjou, after having lost his father at an early age, had been brought up by an affectionate mother in the solitude of the woods far away from the dwellings of men. One day he sees splendidly dressed knights pass through the forest, he is struck with wonder and amazement, for he had never before seen the face of any other human being but that of his mother. At this sight new sensations are kindled within him, for he has meanwhile grown up a splendid youth. Nothing can now restrain him from seeing with his own eyes those distant countries, and to accomplish those deeds of which he had heard so much. His mother's tears flow in vain, he leaves, and arrives at the Court of King "Artur," where his splendid bearing and skill in manly exercises excite general admiration. Here he is informed of a certain princess, whose castle is besieged by her rebellious subjects; he delivers her and obtains her hand. Soon afterwards, his heart longs to see again his dear mother, whom he had left so suddenly. On his way thither he arrives one night at a beautiful castle, and

enters it. In a magnificent hall 400 knights are seated on rich velvet cushions. One of them, occupying the most prominent seat, attracts the attention of every one, he is wrapped in costly furs, but intense suffering and grief are depicted in his countenance. It is King "Anfortas," and his castle is the fortress in which the holy Graal is kept :

At length appeared the queen alone,  
 A light from her sweet features shone,  
 As when, at the approach of day,  
 Shines, though the clouds, the sun's bright ray !  
 Upon a cushion soft and fair  
 Of finest silk that Persia wove,  
 She bore that treasure, rich and rare,  
 All earthly joy or bliss above !  
 To which no mortal dare aspire !  
 Above the reach of all desire,  
 The Holy Graal !\*

After a splendid banquet "Parcival" retires to rest. On the following morning he finds his horse saddled, but not a human being in the castle. On the point of leaving he hears the sneering voice of a dwarf reproaching him for not having asked after the cause of all he had seen, for it was only by a question of that kind that the spell of King "Anfortas" would be broken and he again restored to health. He leaves and meets his cousin "Sigune," who also taunts him with his neglect. Continuing his road, he all at once sees three drops of blood in the snow ; at this sight he grows melancholy, and feels an irresistible

\* Madame Davésiés de Pontés, "Poets and Poetry of Germany."

longing for all those dear to his heart. His mother, however, having died of a broken heart, he is never destined to see again ! After many adventures, he returns to the Court of King Artur, where an enchantress curses him a second time for not having broken the spell of King Anfortas. At last a great change is operated within him, henceforth he determines to devote himself heart and soul to the defence of the holy Graal by becoming a better man, and he succeeds ; for after many adventures, dangers, and sacrifices, and having rendered himself fit and worthy for that holy office, he is a second time admitted to the mysterious castle, where this time he does not omit to ask the question on which so much depended. Anfortas is restored to health, and Parcival meets again his wife and children, of whom the eldest Lohengrin, succeeds him on the throne.

Wolfram, Knight v. Eschenbach, the author of *Parcival*, was born in the 12th century, in the small town of Eschenbach, near Anspach, in Bavaria. Under the fostering care of the Landgrave of Thuringia, a prince of a highly cultivated mind, he composed his two principal poems, "*Parcival*" and "*Willehalm*," at a castle near Eisenach, called the Wartburg.

Eschenbach's "*Titurel*," also called "*Tschionatulandus*," and "*Sigune*," a poem likewise based on the Graal legend, appeared only in a fragmentary shape. It belongs to the most successful specimens of ancient aesthetic poetry.

“Lohengrin,” but distantly related to the Graal cycle, is very deficient in its historical character, and describes the fabulous adventures of Lohengrin, the minstrels’ war at the Wartburg, Lohengrin’s campaign in Germany, his marriage with the Duchess of Brabant, whom he ultimately abandons, when this lady insists on being informed of his origin. This excess of anxiety on the part of the Duchess of Brabant must be rather gratifying to the ladies in general, for it proves, that if inquisitiveness is a failing at all, it is one for which they, on account of its hereditary character, can hardly be held responsible. “Lohengrin,” far inferior to “Parceval” in a literary point of view, gives a graphic description of the manners of those times. The myth about giants rising from the depth of the sea, of swans undergoing various transformations, which pervades the Graalsage, we meet in the legends of the Saxons, Danes, Guelphs, and Franks, as well as in those founded on the Carlovingian era, of which Grimm, in his “Kinder und Hausmärchen,” draws such a charming and truly national picture.

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The legend of the holy Graal is interwoven with that of King Artus, or the Knights of the Round Table.

### THIRD GROUP.

Artus resides with his beautiful wife "Ghwenhwywar," at "Kaerlleon, (castle Leon) on the Usk, in Wales. Twelve knights, the best and most noble in the land, form the centre of his court; seated at a round table, they daily meet in order to discuss the affairs of the land, and to watch over the honour and rights of all. There existed no greater honour than that of belonging to King Arthur's court, no greater disgrace than that of being dismissed from it. From their central abode the knights of Arthur went about the country, in search of adventures, for the protection of women, to punish wrong doers, disenchant the enchanted, or to fight against giants and dwarfs. The various Welsh, French and German legends of this era describe these adventures, the principal scenes of which occurred in the Brochalleon, forest of Solitude, bearing still this name in Brittany. The original Welsh version, rather confused, bears unmistakeably the stamp of the age in which it was written; the French account is more arranged, a certain tone of refinement of style pervading it. In Germany, they were made known for the first time in the 12th century; the contradictory versions given of these highly interesting



legends, must be attributed to the various translations made at different times. The principal heroes of this era, bearing so closely upon British history are: Parcival (Peredur), Lohengrin, Tristan, Iwain, Eric, Gawain, Wigalois, Wigamur, Gauriel, and Lancelot.

The legends of Celtic origin are not only remarkable for their confusion with regard to dates and events, but also for an utter want of propriety and decency of tone. This may, in some measure, be attributed to the frivolous manner in which they had been treated and changed by various writers, yet they must have originally borne that character to a great extent. Gottfried von Strassburg, a man of unquestionable genius, draws, in his two celebrated poems "Tristan" and "Isolt," a physiological tableau, perhaps unequalled for graphic description and truth, but evincing at the same time a cynicism of immodesty which baffles all description, and has not been equalled even by certain writers of the modern school. We must, therefore, abstain from entering into its details. Gottfried von Strassburg not being able to finish the poem, Ulrich von Thürheim and Heinrich von Freiburg have subsequently continued it, although with much less success. Eilhart von Oberg treated the same subject in the 12th century; subsequently it suffered various alterations. Karl Immermann has published it in modern times.

Of the remaining poems of the Artus cycle, we mention two of considerable literary merit, "Eric"

and "Iwein," by Hartmann von der Aue, written towards the end of the 12th century. The former still bears the stamp of its Celtic origin, the latter, however, is a pattern of elegant and graceful language; the subject itself is subordinate, but the tone strictly moral throughout. The remaining poems of this cycle may be considered as mere imitations of the writings of Hartmann von der Aue; they possess little literary merit. Among them we mention: "Wigalois," by Wirnt von Grafenberg, (1212), "Lancelot vom See," by Ulrich von Zatzikhoven, (1192), "Wigamur," or "The Knight with the Eagle," "Gabriel von Muntavel," by Heinrich von dem Türlin, published towards the middle of the 13th century.

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#### FOURTH GROUP.

The legends of Alexander the Great, belonging to the fourth group, were written by the Priest Lamprecht, probably Clerc Lambert, a French author,

living in the 12th century. Ulrich von Eschenbach and Rudolph von Ems, treated the same subject in the 13th century. The poem, necessarily defective in its metrical form, is very graphic in the description of events, and often reminds the reader of the style in the old "Hildbrandslied and Beowulf." Some of the wonders Alexander meets with are described in highly poetical language. One day, whilst on his march, he arrives at an immense forest; gigantic trees spread their branches far and wide, so as to prevent the sun from piercing them. Every thing is charming and pleasurable here; streams of the purest water flow in every direction, birds of the most variegated hues fill the air with their sweet songs, and large pink and white flowers form the carpet of this delicious abode. These beautiful flowers open, when attaining their maturity, and out of their chalice rise fairies of matchless beauty, who, after having sprung into life, mingle their sweet voices with the melodious songs of the birds, and form graceful groups on the soft turf. Dressed in white and red, like the flowers from which they have sprung, the children of the green forest solitude bloom and prosper whilst basking in its refreshing shades, but when the sun touches them with its glowing darts they fade away. Born in May, these children of spring are doomed to die in autumn. Alas, the three months of their happy existence rapidly glide away, for as the poet says:

Die Blumen all' verdarben,  
 Die schönen Mägdlein starben  
 Ihr Laub die Bäume liessen  
 Die Brunnen all' ihr Fliessen,  
 Die Vögelein ihr Singen  
 Die Freuden all' zergingen !

The legend of Aenæas, by Heinrich von Veldekin, appeared in the year 1184 in German, it bears the stamp of the refined style then prevailing at the court of the Landgrave of Thuringia ; the language, although polished, graphic and correct in its metre, wants that high classical colorite which we meet in Virgil's Aenæas. Of an equally subordinate character is, Herbolt's "Liet von Troje," (the song of the Trojan war), written at the beginning of the 13th century. Conrad von Würzburg, has treated the same subject with greater success ; it was his last literary production, and is distinguished for elegance of language and purity of diction.

## FIFTH GROUP.

The legends, published from the 12th to the 15th century, bear, as already stated, a purely saintly character ; if they are here and there intermixed with the worldly, the spiritual element decidedly predominates. In reading them we breathe a different atmosphere, one of peace, and love ; we no longer hear the clang of arms, the sounding of the war trumpet, or the neighing of the battle horse,

stamping the ground with impatience, as if urging on its rider to be led to the charge, to those sanguinary encounters between the gladiators of the past. No, all has vanished, to make room for combatants fighting on another battle field, where instead of the agonizing cries of the wounded and dying, we hear hymns of praise addressed to the Eternal, a nobler battle field, on which the sincere and repentant are sure to obtain that victory, which after the battle of life leads to the glory of a brighter world! Of the legends belonging to this group, the number of which is legion, we mention that of "Eraclius," by Otto, written towards the middle of the 13th century after a Welsh model. Eraclius possesses the peculiar gift of knowing the mysterious properties of stones, the qualities of horses and the secret thoughts of women. After the death of his mother, he, then a mere boy, enters the service of a rich Roman, belonging to the household of the emperor Phokas. His wonderful faculties having attracted general attention, he finds an opportunity of evincing his skill, by selecting for the emperor's wife a certain Lady Athenaïs, of humble origin, but possessing all the qualities of the heart and mind. Soon after the marriage, the emperor is obliged to leave for some warlike expedition, and during his absence causes her to be shut up in a tower, a precaution by no means warranted by the conduct of his wife. This treatment, however, produces a different result (a fact to be borne in mind by all jealous husbands)



for Athenais, hitherto so faithful, and aided by an old woman, named Morphea, finds now means to deceive her husband. After the emperor's return, Eraclius is appealed to, and the secret is soon revealed. Athenais repents, but is separated from her husband. Eraclius then rises rapidly to the highest dignities, becomes finally emperor, and in a war with the Persians is said to have retaken the holy cross, previously fallen into their hands. This event is celebrated among Roman Catholics up to this day, by the feast of the raising of the Host, also called "Holy Roodday."

The legend of "Der gute Gerhard," by Rudolph von Ems, gives a touching account of Gerhard's extreme modesty, charity, humility, and disinterestedness. Emperor Otto the Red, had at the instigation of his excellent wife, Ottogebe, founded some charitable institution, but his great failing is to boast constantly of this act. One day he is told that gifts bestowed in such a manner, are not pleasing in the sight of God, and at the same time, the name of the humble Gerhard of Cologne, is mentioned to him; Otto expresses the desire of making the acquaintance of that charitable and excellent man, he arrives at Cologne, has an interview with Gerhard, in which the latter, after much hesitation, explains why he obtained the by-name of "der Gute," the Kind one—how he, in order to redeem some captive English nobleman and a Norwegian princess, had sacrificed all his property, and watched

over the safety of the lady, until her lover King William of England, supposed to have perished at sea during a storm, had finally returned to Cologne, how he had refused the most brilliant offers made to him by that king, and accepted for his only reward a ring from the queen for the sake of her sweet rosy lips. The modesty and humility shown on this occasion, by Gerhard, produced a deep impression on the mind of Otto, who, since that time acknowledged that gifts, in order to be pleasing in the sight of God, ought to be bestowed secretly and not with pomp and display, for the sake of dazzling the eyes of the vulgar-minded.

Another work of Rudolph von Ems, of less merit, is his "Wilhelm von Dourlens or Orlienz," a story of a prince of Brabant, and taken from a Welsh original. We also mention, the poems of "Darifant," "Deman-tin," and "Crane," by Berthold von Holle, written towards the middle of the 13th century; the legend of emperor "Otto the Bearded," by Conrad von Würzburg, "King Albrecht and Adolph von Nassau," two historical poems, also "Meier Helmbreeht," by Werner the Gardener, and the poem of "Duke Ernst," attributed to Heinrich von Veldekin. The legend on which the latter is based was known before 1180; we possess only two fragments of it, published towards the middle of the 13th century, and subsequently frequently altered.

Duke Ernst is the son of the Bavarian duchess Adelheid, who ultimately, at his advice, marries the

Emperor "Otto the Red." Ernst having been calumniated by the Count Palatine Heinrich slays him in the emperor's palace, and then starts for Jerusalem, accompanied by his faithful follower Count Wetzel. On his way thither, Duke Ernst arrives one day, at a castle, uninhabited like the Graal temple, but containing all that is required to refresh the worn out crusaders; the next morning they see with surprise a numberless swarm of cranes surround the castle, carrying along with them an Indian lady of matchless beauty, bathed in tears. In trying to deliver her, Duke Ernst not only sustains serious losses, but has also the mortification of seeing the captive lady cruelly killed by those spiteful cranes. Ernst and his men then embark, but their ship being, during its voyage, irresistibly attracted by a mysterious magnetic rock, they are wrecked, and only Ernst and five of his attendants are saved, thanks to the providential arrival of large sea-gulls, which carry them on their wings to the shore. Ernst then continues his journey, meets the one-eyed giants, called "Arimaspians," for whose king he fights against a tribe called "Flatfeet," who run over heath and moor, impassable to horse and man; he also combats with a long-eared tribe (no donkeys), and finally against a race of giants. After many miraculous adventures he returns home on a Christmas day, and is pardoned by the emperor.

There exists, also, a poem of a comical character belonging to the same group, called "Solomon and Morolf." It is a dialogue between the former,

the representative of all that is solemn, grave, and austere, and the latter who turns all the wisdom of Solomon into ridicule. Morolf, in this dialogue, tauntingly describes the manner in which he regained possession of his wife, who, at the instigation of the wise king, had deserted him. To the same category of poems, belongs also Stricker's "Parson Amîs," on which the celebrated "Till Eulenspiegel" has been founded. Amîs, supposed to be of Celtic descent, is a thorough scamp, cheating everybody and making dupes everywhere, be it in France, England, Germany, or the far East. Of the legends published in the middle of the 13th century, we mention "Die goldene Schmiede," by Conrad von Würzburg, "Der heilige Gregor auf dem Steine," by Hartmann von der Aue, the legend of the holy "Sylvester," the holy "Alexius," "Pilatus," and that of the "Seamless Coat of Trier." The latter speaks of a certain king Orendel, who leaves Trier, crosses the sea, is wrecked, and received by a fisherman called Master "Eisen," in whose house he not only finds the miraculous coat, but also Lady Breda, a lovely girl guarded by the Knight Templars. He marries her, and conducts the lady to Trier, where she dies soon afterwards. The name of Orendel is frequently mentioned in the earliest chronics, for the *Heldenbuch* speaks already of a king Erntelle and his wife Brigitta; and the northern Myth alludes to one "Oervandil," who, having been thrown by the God "Thor" into the heavens, becomes one of the bright stars; the Anglo-Saxon word "Earendel" has

the same meaning. We conclude this group with the "Annolied," written 1170, a legendary tale, celebrating the life and wonders of the Archbishop Anno of Cologne (1045-1075). It is preceded by a poetical description of biblical and worldly events, the style is very popular, and often reminds the reader of our best epic poems of antiquity.

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## THE MINNEGESANG.

I HAVE in my historical summary stated how passionately the ancient Teutons loved those celebrated "Bardenlieder," the true and genuine expression of all that past within the breasts of those children of nature, be it joy or grief. We know that Charlemagne, who understood the Germans and their predilections so well, caused these songs to be carefully collected, so that they might be transmitted from generation to generation; splendid sounds of the glorious past, wild flowers of the German heart, offsprings of their green forests, rough and knotty, but also full of sap and marrow, like the eternal oaks, their native trees; songs breathing Heaven's purest breath, freedom, eternal, heavenly, unalienable freedom! Glorious time when we WERE a nation! The trees which have sprung from that same soil are still growing in Germania's holy forests, the same winds of heaven rustle through their branches, the same father Rhine winds its silvery path through blessed fields and lovely dales, the vine spreads in green festoons along its picturesque shores, and yet a feeling of melancholy seizes the patriot in beholding all these beauties:

Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten  
 Dass ich so traurig bin,  
 Eine Sage aus alten Zeiten  
 Sie kömmt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

And when the golden rays of the setting sun are still lingering on yonder heights, as if unwilling to leave so lovely a country, and night begins to enshroud in darkness the valleys around, it seems as if a gigantic figure was rising from the mountain's inmost depths, a figure splendid and godlike, like that of Arminius, with features expressive of intense grief, as if meditating over what Germany *was*, what it *is*, and what it *might be*.

\* Wenn die Berge und Thäler glühen  
Im ros'gen Dämmerchein,  
Ein Heldengeist steigt hernieder  
Und schwebet über'm Rhein.

Sein Auge, es schauet so düster,  
Er seufzet tief und schwer;  
Das Antlitz voll innerstem Leiden,  
Ist göttergleich und hehr.

Stumm blicket umher der Cherusker,  
Ruft dann mit bitter'm Hohn :  
"Sind das die Germanen, vor denen  
Die Römer einst gefloh'n?"

"Es fochten die alten Teutonen,  
Mit Kolbe, Streitaxt, Schwert,  
Bei den ew'gen Göttern! *die* waren  
Des deutschen Namens werth."

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\* The following lines were written by the author in honour of the Schiller Festival, Nov. 10th, 1859.

“ Wohl steigt zu den seligen Höhen  
 Gesang und Rauch empor,  
 Doch zieh’n wir der ewigen Leier  
 Die Schwerterklänge vor.”

Und die Stimme des greisen Helden,  
 Durch Deutschland’s Gauen hallt,  
 Es erwachen die alten Kämpen,  
 Im Teutoburger Wald.

Sie entsteigen den dunkel’n Gräften,  
 Drauf singen sie im Chor ;  
 O ! drängen die Worte doch mahnend  
 In jedes deutsche Ohr !

Sie singen mit donnernder Stimme,  
 (Es horcht die Loreley,)  
 Von dem Volke, einst gross und mächtig,  
 Den Barden, stark und frei !

Von Varus und seinen Legionen,  
 Der blut’gen Römerschlacht,  
 Von den Göttern, *Wodan, Tuisko*  
 Und längst vergangn’er Pracht.

Von dem Wahren, das Allen frommet,  
 Und von der Einheit Band,  
 Von den treuen und starken Herzen,  
 Von Freiheit, Vaterland !

Die Wipfel der heiligen Eichen,  
 Sie rauschen Beifall zu ;  
 Die Gauen umher und die Haine  
 Liegen in tiefer Ruh’.

Es dunkelt, die Sterne flimmern,  
 Der stille Mond geht auf,  
 Und Millionen Welten ziehen  
 Den ew’gen Sphärenlauf.

O! könnten wir sie nur verstehen  
 Die Schrift am *obern* Zelt,  
 Welch' ein hehres Beispiel dies wäre,  
 Für uns're *nied're* Welt!

Denn die guten und grossen Thaten,  
 Auf Erden hier vollbracht,  
 Erscheinen in goldenen Lettern  
 Bei heller Sternennacht.

Die Töne sind alle verklungen,  
 O Deutsche folg't dem Rath,  
 Erstrebt nicht das Kleinod durch *Worte*,  
 Gewinnt es durch die *That*!

Was die Geister im Chore sangen,  
 Hat Sinn und Melodei,  
 Schmach bringt es den sklavischen Völkern,  
 Doch macht's die Kühnen *frei*!

Up to the reign of the Hohenstaufen, the Franconian dialect having been considered the most cultivated, it was used at the court of the Emperors, by the nobility and all those belonging to the educated classes. The Suabian or Allemannic dialect gained ultimately the upper hand; for the dawn of our literature began in Suabia and some parts of Switzerland, from which countries the seeds were afterwards scattered over all the provinces of Germany. Suabia was also the cradle of German chivalry, which there, as in other parts of Europe, became the forerunner of a literary Era. That Allemannia or Suabia should at this time already have possessed a language superior to any other spoken in the rest of Germany, superior in harmony, flexibi-

lity, purity, and force, is a fact from which it has been inferred, that at some remote period that country must already have been in possession of a refined literature. For well may we ask, why should the inhabitants of a part of Germany, so rich in picturesque sceneries, calculated to stimulate poetical feeling, have accomplished less in this respect than Franconia or Lower Saxony, of the early literature of which countries we possess documentary evidence, whilst not a fragment of Allemannic literature of the same period has been transmitted to us?

Our humble opinion is, that certain qualities inherent to a language are not necessarily a proof of its literary standing at some antecedent period; we think that much in this respect is purely accidental, and that mental and physical gradations are facts perceptible in every part of the globe. Some races are distinguished for physical advantages, gracefulness of movements and symmetry of forms, others for their mental superiority. But independently of these reasons, we think that the greater mental refinement in Suabia and Switzerland at that remote period, must be attributed to the fact of those countries having always been in direct intercourse with the inhabitants of France, *then* so much superior in refinement of manners and mental culture, and principally to the exertions of the Troubadours, whose stirring example had the most direct and beneficial influence on the mental development of the Suabians and Swiss. The



emulating example set by the Emperor Frederic II. and his nobles did not fail to create also a taste for literature among the people, and principally among the upper classes, who devoted themselves to classical studies, or went for the cultivation of their minds to the universities of Paris, Padua, and Salamanca. Everything at that period assumed a poetical garb; itinerary singers belonging to the highest rank went from court to court, tournaments were given in their honour, graced by the presence of the lovely and beautiful, who, encouraging and stimulating these mental pursuits, kindled at the same time in the hearts of the gallant knights the pure flame of enthusiasm and love, of which the poetical effusions of that romantic age bear witness.

The peculiar charm which the Minnelieder exercised over the heart must be principally attributed to the fact of their not being read, but always sung with the accompaniment of stringed instruments; the intense feeling with which the voice breathed forth all that passed within the heart, explains the ascendancy which these strains exercised over those who heard them. The metrical form in the Minnelied was strictly adhered to. After two stanzas equal in quantity, there always followed one irregular in this respect; the former were called the "Stollen," the latter the "Abgesang." The Minnesänger, of whom there existed about 160 in number, belonged principally to the upper classes; their effusions, though generally expressive of the longings

of the loving heart, were sometimes of a more serious and solemn character. The poems of the founder of the Minnegesang, Heinrich v. Veldekin (1184), and of his contemporaries, v. Kürenberg and v. Eist, still bear the stamp of the early epic writings. Veldekin's principal work, "the Aeneid," was translated from a French version of the poem, and this accounts for the extraordinary and often highly amusing manner in which the subject is treated, especially in those parts, where an attempt is made to dress the poem in a garb so unsuited to its spirit. After Veldekin, another minstrel of merit, Friedrich v. Hausen, deserves to be mentioned. Spervogel, Gottfried v. Strassburg, Wolfram v. Eschenbach, and Hartman v. d. Aue, wrote verses of a religious character, some of which possess great literary merit; but the most prominent among all is Walther von der Vogelweide, whose best poems were written at the end of the 12th century. Here is one of his most beautiful effusions.

"Durchsüßet und geblümet sind die reinen Frauen : es gab niemals so Wonngliches anzuschauen in Lüften noch auf Erden noch in allen grünen Auen ; Lilien und der Rosen Blumen, wo die leuchten im Maienthaue durch das Gras, und kleiner Vögel Sang, sind gegen diese Wonne ohne Farb und Klang. So man sieht schöne Frauen, das kann den trüben Mut erquicken und löschet alles Trauern an derselben Stund, wenn lieblich, lacht in Lieb ihr süßer roter Mund und Pfeil' aus spiel'nden Augen schiessen in's Mannes Herzens Grund."

In the following lines Walter mourns over his past life, and the vanities of this world.

“O weh wohin geschwunden sind alle meine Jahr! Hat mir mein Leben geträumt oder ist es wahr? Was ich je wähnte dass es wäre, ist das nicht (etwas)? Darnach hab ich geschlafen und ich weiss es nicht. Nun bin ich aufgewacht, und mir ist unbekannt, was einst vertraut mir war wie meine andre Hand. Leut und Lande da ich von Kindheit bin erzogen, die sind mir fremd geworden, als wär es all erlogen. Die mir Gespielen waren, die sind träge und alt, und öde liegt das Feld, verhaun ist der Wald—nur dass das Wasser fliesset, so wie es weiland floss,—wenn ich gedepke manchen wonniglichen Tag, der mir zerronnen ist, wie in das Meer ein Schlag: Immer mehr o Weh!”

Walter von der Vogelweide lies buried at Würzburg, in the Lorenz-Garden of the Münster, under a tree, from which the nightingale pours out her plaintive strains on the poet's tomb. By his will he left a legacy to the winged songsters of spring, always his great favourites, who so often had saluted him in Germany's “grünen und heiligen Wäldern.” He directed holes to be made in the tombstone, and to be constantly filled with crumbs to feed his favourites. For many years his wish was attended to; but the hungry monks of the 15th century preferred eating the bread themselves, instead of giving it to the poor little birds. The stone remained thus in its loneliness for many years, up to a recent time, when its last remains have crumbled into nothingness.

Let us also mention here another minstrel, not on account of the inherent merit of his poetical effusions, but in order to show what love is capable of. Ulrich von Liechtenstein, the founder of the princely house bearing that name, shows this in his memoirs, containing all his gallant adventures during a very long

career. Ulrich on one occasion falls desperately in love with a princess ; no sacrifice is too great for him to testify his affection, and to win her good graces, for he loves her so tenderly. The sweetest vernal flowers he offers to her ; to look at her, to walk on the lawn which bears the impress of her dear little foot is balm and consolation to his heart ; and yet, notwithstanding all these demonstrations, the cruel princess remains cold and inexorable—and why ? The gentle reader who asks this question will be less surprised, when informed that our amorous swain has a deformity displeasing to the object of his affections, poor Ulrich has three lips. A man with three lips daring to love such a beautiful princess ! And pray, why not ? Some people might consider this an additional charm in a lover ; not so the lovely dame, who evinces her dislike in every possible way, first by looks, then by words, and finally by sending Ulrich down stairs ! Is it possible ? Should anybody ever have thought that dear little foot capable of such an act ? Yes, it really was so. Ask Ulrich von Liechtenstein ; he felt it, but bore it like a man, for the Liechtensteins of that age could bear a great deal. Yes ; notwithstanding this striking proof of his lady-love's dislike, he still perseveres, does not even shrink from undergoing an operation, on account of that unfortunate lip ; and commits other eccentricities too numerous to be mentioned here, but all to no purpose. The lady has made up her mind not to have him ; and when the nuisance becomes at last intolerable, she inflicts

on this obstinate lover a rebuke so serious, so very serious, that Ulrich never ventured to divulge the nature of it to anybody. Whatever it may have been, one thing is quite certain, it cured him of his love; but ever after he vented his anger and disappointment in verses quite as uncomplimentary to the gentle sex, as his former effusions had been expressive of admiration and respect towards them.

Another Minnesänger of that time is Nithart. His poems, in which he principally describes rural festivities, are distinguished for their graphic and humourous style. Another poet, Heinrich von Meissen, also called "Frauenlob," was so respected by the gentle sex, to whom all his mental efforts were devoted, that the ladies of Mayence are said to have carried his body to the grave. He died in 1380.

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Benecke's "Beiträge," v. d. Hagen's "Minnesänger."

"Walthers Gedichte," by Lachmann, Haupt, Uhland, Simrock and Wackernagel.

"Ulrich v. Liechtenstein," with notes by Theodor v. Karajan herausgegeben von Lachmann.

"Nitharts Leben," by Wackernagel and v. d. Hagen.

Collections of "Minnelieder," by Müller, Herder and Tieck.  
Büsching's "Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen."

Fauriel "Histoire de la poésie Provençale."



## DIE THIERSAGE.\*

## LEGENDS ABOUT ANIMALS.

The wonders of the unorganic world having at all times produced strong impressions on the keener instincts of primitive nations, we must not feel surprised that the latter should have felt still greater interest for everything animated in nature, for those living creatures whose habits were in so many respects analogous to theirs, against whom they had to protect themselves, or upon whom they could lavish their affections as welcome companions in their solitude. The legends relating to animals, the origin of which may be traced to the remotest periods, did not originally possess the character which they ultimately acquired.

Free from those satirical allusions which, on the part of the writers, presupposes a more developed state of mental faculties, they were but the harmless outpourings of a pure and uncorrupted mind. Among the various Teutonic races the Franks alone possessed the "Thiersage;" it was unknown to the Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Celtic races.

The legend of "Reinecke Vos," to which I shall now direct the attention of the reader, after having for centuries borne a traditional character among the people, assumed its first literary garb in the 12th century. It appeared at this time in the Friesian dialect (Plattdeutsch). Its origin is traced to a Latin

\* Ueber den Character der Thiersage, see Jacob Grimm's "Einleitung zu Reinecke Fuchs."

legend called "Isengrimus," written by a certain Magister Nivardus of Flanders, in the beginning of the 12th century. Fifty years later it appeared again in Latin under the name of "Reinardus." About the same time a French version of the poem was translated into German by a certain Heinrich der Gleicshäre, an Alsatian. In the 13th and 14th centuries it suffered various transformations, until Nicolaus Baumann published it, as already stated, in the year 1496, in the Friesian dialect. "Reinecke Vos" did not originally possess the satirical character which it received subsequently, especially in the 16th century, an age greatly favouring such tendencies. It is also stated, that the ironical vein pervading it is owing to an offence, Baumann is said to have received from the Jülich court, and which he resented by the publication of his poem; of this we possess, however, no authentic record. In the 16th century the poem was considered a "*Speculum vitae aulicae*." Godsched and ultimately Göthe translated it in the 18th century, but the "Reinecke" of the latter is deficient in natural simplicity of style.

"Es entbehrt der natürlichen einfachen Vertraulichkeit," as Grimm justly remarks. In the poem itself a faithful picture of court life is given. Some foreign regent, following the subtle inspirations of vile flatterers, brings his country by his extravagance to the very verge of ruin. The *Dramatis Personae*: the king, his courtiers, and high dignitaries are represented in the shape of various animals, the peculiar character of which is adapted to that of the persons

alluded to ; Reinecke the fox plays the principal part, king “ Noble” the lion, “ Grimbart” badger, “ Braun” bear, “ Hinz” tomcat, “ Bellyn” hegoat, “ Lampe” hare, “ Isegrim” wolf, “ Hennink” cock, are the principal actors. Reinecke’s confession, previous to the execution of the sentence which condemns him to death, is a masterpiece of special pleading. During the delivery of his speech, he, by malicious insinuations, completely turns the tables upon his enemies, whom he accuses of conspiring secretly against the life of the king ; the queen then intercedes for Fox, who, not only is not punished, but comes off with flying colours, and returns triumphantly to his castle Malepertus, in order to relate to his family the issue of his adventures. We give here a specimen of this celebrated poem, extracted from Goëthe’s version, with the interlineal translation :

Spiritus Domini helfe mir nun ! Ich sehe nicht einen  
 Spiritus Domini, assist me now ! I do not see one  
 Unter der grossen Versammlung, den ich nicht irgend beschä-  
 digt

In this large assembly whom I have not injured somehow.  
 Erst, ich war noch ein kleiner Compan, und hatte die Brüste  
 At first, I was then a little fellow, and had hardly  
 Kaum zu saugen verlernt, da folgt’ ich meinen Begierden  
 Been weaned, I followed my propensities  
 Unter die jungen Lämmer und Ziegen, die neben der Heerde  
 Among the young lambs and goats which with the flock  
 Sich im Freien zerstreuten ; ich hörte die blöckenden Stimmen  
 Were roaming about at pleasure ; I heard the bleating voices  
 Gar zu gerne, da lüstete mich nach leckerer Speise,  
 With pleasure, the dainty food set my heart a longing,  
 Lernte hurtig sie kennen. Ein Lämmchen biss ich zu Tode,  
 I quickly made their acquaintance, bit a lamb till it died

Leckte das Blut; es schmeckte mir köstlich! und tödtete weiter  
 And licked the blood; how delicious! and killed moreover  
 Vier der jüngsten Ziegen, und ass sie, und übte mich ferner;  
 Four of the youngest goats and ate them, thus continuing my  
 practice.

Sparte keine Vögel, noch Hühner, noch Enten, noch Gänse,  
 I spared neither birds, nor chicken, ducks, or geese  
 Wo ich sie fand, und habe gar manches im Sande vergraben,  
 Wherever I found them, and buried many a one in the sand,  
 Was ich geschlachtet und was mir nicht alles zu essen beliebte.  
 Of those I had killed and did not want to eat.

Dann begegnet es mir; in einem Winter am Rheine  
 Then it happened one winter on the Rhine  
 Lernt' ich Isegrim kennen, er lauerte hinter den Bäumen  
 That I got acquainted with Isegrim, he was lurking behind the  
 trees,

Gleich versichert' er mir, ich sei aus seinem Geschlechte,  
 And assured me at once that we were related,  
 Ja er wusste mir gar die Grade der Sippschaft am Finger  
 Nay more, he knew how to count the pedigree on his  
 Vorzurechnen. Ich liess mir's gefallen; wir schlossen ein  
 Bündniss

Finger's end. I did not object; we made an alliance  
 Und gelobten einander, als treue Gesellen zu wandern;  
 And pledged each other, to roam about as faithful companions;  
 Leider sollt' ich dadurch mir manches Uebel bereiten.  
 Alas! it was to cause me many a bitter pang.

Wir durchstrichen zusammen das Land. Da stahl er das  
 Grosse,

We travelled together through the country. Whenever  
 he stole large things,

Stahl ich das Kleine. Was wir gewonnen, das sollte gemein  
 sein;

I robbed the small. Whatever we got, was to be shared in  
 common;

Aber es war nicht gemein, wie billig: er theilte nach Willkür;  
 But of course it was not so, he divided at pleasure;

Niemals empfing ich die Hälfte. Ja schlimmeres hab' ich erfahren.

And I never got half of it. Nay I have even fared worse.  
 Wenn er ein Kalb sich geraubt, sich einen Widder erbeutet,  
 When he had robbed a calf, or taken a wether,  
 Wenn ich im Ueberfluss sitzen ihn fand, er eben die Ziege  
 When I found him revelling in plenty, devouring the goat  
 Frisch geschlachtet verzehrte, ein Bock ihm unter den Klauen  
 Just killed, or when a he-goat was writhing  
 Lag und zappelte; grinst' er mich an und stellte sich grämlich  
 Under his claws; he grinned at me and looked sullen,  
 Trieb mich knurrend hinweg: so war mein Theil ihm geblieben  
 Grumbled and drove me away: and thus he got my share.  
 Immer ging es mir so, es mochte der Braten so gross sein,  
 I always fared thus, be the piece of roast meat  
 Als er wollte. Ja, wenn es geschah, dass wir in Gesellschaft  
 However large. And when it happened, that we had taken  
 together

Einen Ochsen gefangen, wir eine Kuh uns genommen;  
 An ox, or got a cow,  
 Gleich erschienen sein Weib und sieben Kinder und warfen  
 Immediately his wife and seven children appeared, attacked  
 Ueber die Beute sich her und drängten mich hinter die Mahlzeit  
 The booty, so that I got nothing of the meal.  
 Keine Rippe konnt' ich erlangen, sie wäre denn gänzlich  
 No, not a rib I could get, unless it was polished  
 Glatt und trocken genagt; das sollte mir alles gefallen!  
 Off to the very bone; I could not stand that!  
 Aber Gott sei gedankt, ich litt deswegen nicht Hunger;  
 But, thank goodness, I did not starve after all.  
 Heimlich nährt ich mich wohl von meinem herrlichen Schatze,  
 I secretly enjoyed the good things,  
 Von dem Silber und Golde, das ich an sicherer Stätte  
 The silver and gold, which I had  
 Heimlich verwahre; dess hab ich genug. Es schafft mir wahrhaftig  
 Well secured; I have plenty of that. A waggon would



Ihn kein Wagen hinweg, und wenn er siebenmal führe  
 Hardly carry it away, no not in seven loads.

Und es horchte der König, da von dem Schatze gesagt ward,  
 And the king listened when he heard of the treasure,

Neigte sich vor und sprach: von wannen ist er euch kommen?  
 Leaned forward and said: How did you get it?

Saget an! Ich meine den Schatz. Und Reinecke sagte:

Let us know! Of course I mean the treasure! And Reinecke  
 said,

Dieses Geheimniss verhehl' ich euch nicht, was könnt es mir  
 helfen,

This secret, sir, I cannot divulge, what use would it be to me,  
 Denn ich nehme nichts mit von diesen köstlichen Dingen

For I cannot take anything of these precious things with me,  
 Aber wie ihr befiehlt, will ich euch alles erzählen:

But, as you command, I shall tell you all:

Denn es muss nun einmal heraus; um Leibes und Leides

For out it must come after all; no, not for my life

Möcht' ich wahrhaftig das grosse Geheimniss nicht länger ver-  
 hehlen

Should I wish to conceal the secret any longer,

Denn der Schatz war gestolen. Es hatten sich viele verschworen

For the treasure was *stolen*. Many had conspired

Euch, Herr König, zu morden, und wurde zur selbigen Stunde

To murder your Majesty, and if at that time

Nicht der Schatz mit Klugheit entwendet, so war es geschehen.

The treasure was not cleverly taken, the thing was done.

Merket es, gnädiger Herr! Denn euer Leben und Wohlfahrt

Remember, gracious lord! Your precious life was at stake.

Hing an dem Schatz. Und dass man ihn stahl das brachte,  
 denn leider

Everything depended on the treasure. And the fact of its  
 having been taken

Meinen eigenen Vater in grosse Nöthen, es bracht ihn

Has caused great trouble to my own father, it caused

Frühe zur traurigen Fahrt, vielleicht zu ewigem Schaden;

His early death, perhaps his eternal perdition.

Aber gnädiger Herr, zu eurem Nutzen geschah es !  
 But, gracious Sir, it was all done for your own sake !

Rarely did a poem enjoy greater popular favour; it is full of humour and excellent maxims—a work to be appreciated alike by the statesman and philosopher, for the race of the Reineckes is not extinct, and many an European court could no doubt produce a specimen of the interesting animal even in our days ! .

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### THE MEISTERGESANG.

In a literary sketch like the present, it is essential to point out those historical phases, during which the mind accomplished feats worthy of record, and to pass rapidly over those denoting a decline in this respect.

With the extinction of the line of the Hohenstaufen, this mental decline began in Germany, for the Meistergesang was but a poor reflection of the romantic age that preceded it. Having already, in my historical summary, dwelt upon this subject, I shall confine myself to mention in connection with this institution the name of

Hans Sachs, the far-famed cobbler of Nüremberg, whose poems and carnival plays are distinguished for graphic descriptions and harmless satire, betraying on the part of the author a thorough knowledge of the manners of his times. Though not a poet in the higher sense of the word, he possessed great natural abilities,

and that imperturbable good humour, by which he acquired his immense popularity. He was perhaps the most prolific writer that ever lived. For fifty-five years he wrote and rhymed with the most indefatigable ardour, the result of which was a very rich literary harvest, consisting of 208 comedies and 4200 poems of various kinds. One might have called him the Alexandre Dumas, Scribe, or Eugène Sue of the 16th century; only that, unlike these distinguished modern writers, he did not keep his own secretary, or wear those famous “gants jaunes,” which the last-named “écrivain” is said to have constantly worn whilst preparing his stirring chapters for his novel-loving public. Hans Sachs the cobbler could afford dispensing with such luxuries!

As a specimen of his style, I beg to give here an extract of a poem called “Kifferbeskraut,” in which he describes the character of a busybody quarrelsome old woman. Her husband, a great amateur of gardening, wants to buy different seeds and plants. The seedsman shows him some peas called “Kifferbsen” (summer peas). The word “Kiff” derives from Keifen, to quarrel, to scold. “For heaven’s sake,” exclaims the man, “anything but Kifferbsen,” alluding here to his own matrimonial miseries, and then proceeds:—

“O nur keine Kifferbsen, keine Kifferbsen! Kifferbeskraut (im Doppelsinn: das Keifkraut, Zankkraut) wächst mir schon genug in Hof und Haus, ist mir wie Unkraut noch nie verdorben, nicht im kalten Winter erfroren, nicht im heissen Sommer verdorrt, es wächst in meinem ganzen Hause; im Keller und im Bad, in Küche, Stube und Kammer macht Kifferbeskraut

mir Jammer, zu oberst auf dem Boden oben thut das Unkraut oft wüten und toben ; was meine Frau arbeitet und thut, das arg Unkraut bei ihr nicht ruht, ob sie die Kinder badt und zwecht (wäscht), Wasser trägt oder Kühlelein becht, in der Küche aufräumt und spült, das Haus kehrt und in den Betten wühlt, dass sie Federn liest oder hechelt, oder Flachs in der Sonne aufwechelt (aufstellt), fegt Pfannen oder hat ein Wäsch, da wächst das Kifferbeskraut gar resch, dass ich in dem Kraut mich verirr und endlich gar mich drinn verwirr ;— meine Frau füllt mich früh und spät überflüssig, voll und satt, dass ich wünscht, dass Kifferbeskraut nie wäre gesäet oder gebaut, sondern dass dieses Krautes Frucht wüchs nimmermehr und wär verflucht, und verdürb, Blätter sammt dem Stroh, dess würd manch guter Gesell herzfroh.”

At a very advanced age the intellectual powers of poor Hans Sachs gave way. Then he could be seen seated at his table, a large open book before him, nodding, bowing, and smiling with a peculiar expression of kindness beaming from his large blue eyes, which closed for ever on the 25th of January, 1576.

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### THE REFORMATION.

It was a great blessing for Germany, that at a time when the empire was utterly prostrate, and its dissolution fast progressing, an event should have occurred calculated to invigorate the drowsy state body, and stir both rulers and ruled to physical and intellectual exertions. Such an event was the Reformation. If it was natural that the country where the great religious combat began, should also



feel its consequences soonest, such was necessarily the case in Germany ; for it is precisely in countries disunited by contests, where new doctrines have always a better chance of finding partizans. Men in this respect are, it is true, not always guided by sincere convictions ; but by that spirit of contradiction, so inherent to human nature, which then becomes a welcome weapon against opponents. It was the disharmony among the various princes of the German empire, which favoured the cause of the Reformation ; for the great interest which some of them took in spreading the new doctrine gave to the movement the utmost *political* importance ; this is evidenced by the Diet of Worms (1521), held for the purpose of opposing it to the utmost.

Yes, it was the great political importance attaching to the religious contest which changed the resistance of Charles V., which at first might have sprung from conscientious motives, into the most inveterate enmity, and soon disclosed his ambitious designs towards Germany, although hidden under the cloak of religion. Providence often afflicts individuals and nations with adversities for their own good ; it was so in Germany ; for no sooner had the Emperor's plans become known, than the hitherto disunited princes combined in a body to oppose the encroachments of that monarch. Unsuccessful at first at the battle of Mühlberg, 1547, they soon regained the lost ground under their glorious leader, Elector Moritz of Saxony, and frustrated, by the Treaty of Passau, 1552, the political designs of Charles V. It



takes, however, some time before the waves resume their peaceful course after a political storm has roused them from their inmost depths. Peace only reigned on the surface, but not in the minds. It is surprising that parties animated towards each other by those deadly animosities should, up to 1618, have refrained from beginning sooner the sanguinary contest, which lasted for 30 years, and spread unutterable misery over poor Germany. The Peace of Westphalia gave at last to that war-fated country some repose, and a constitution,—ruthlessly and faithlessly violated ever since.

We never mention the great Reformation without associating it in our minds with its great representative, Martin Luther, the son of a humble miner. born at Eisleben, in Saxony, on the 10th of November, 1483 (whose life was a long battle crowned with a splendid victory); who by his indomitable perseverance, and thirst for knowledge, acquired that prodigious amount of erudition, which procured him at a very early age a professorship in the university of Wittenberg, then just founded. Here he knew how to captivate his hearers; but here also his troubles began. Having entered into a controversy with the monk Tetzel about the sale of indulgences, he was exposed single-handed to a long-continued argumentative cross-fire from all the ecclesiastical batteries, but sustained it with a perseverance and courage of which a man of such a mind and such a heart was alone capable. In the year 1521 he was summoned before a congress of

princes at the town of Worms. After having victoriously refuted the accusations brought against him, he terminated his memorable defence in exclaiming, "Here I have taken my stand, I cannot speak otherwise; may God help me!" The Elector Frederic, his only friend and protector, in order to shelter him from further persecution, offered him an asylum at a castle called the Wartburg, where, by the celebrated translation of the Bible into high German and other literary labours, he laid the foundation of that monument which will last as long as the German language.

Luther's style is nervous, terse, and concise; it bears the stamp of sincere conviction, proceeding from and going to the heart; and its essentially popular character accounts for the extraordinary influence which his writings, and those of his worthy contemporary, Ulrich von Hutten, acquired over the masses. The celebrated hymn, and the sermon which follow here, will convey to the reader the character of Luther's style.

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#### EINE FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
 Ein gute Wehr und Waffen.  
 Er hilft uns frei aus aller Noth,  
 Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.  
 Der alt böse Feind  
 Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,  
 Gross Macht und viel List  
 Sein grausam Rüstung ist,  
 Auf Erd'ist nicht seines Gleichen.

Mit unser Macht ist nichts gethan,  
Wir sind gar bald verloren.  
Es streit für uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott hat selbst erkohren.  
Fragst du, wer der ist?  
Er heisst Jesus Christ,  
Der Herr Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein ander Gott;  
Das Feld muss er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,  
Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen:  
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fürst dieser Welt,  
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,  
Thut er uns doch nicht:  
Das macht, er ist gericht,  
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn,  
Und kein Dank dazu haben.  
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan,  
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben;  
Nehmen sie den Leib,  
Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,  
Lass fahren dahin,  
Sie habens kein Gewinn,  
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

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VON DER TODTEN AUFERSTEHUNG.\*  
OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

1st Book of the Corinthians, XVth chapter.

Sanct Paulus weiset uns mit seiner Predigt, die er in dieser Saint Paul in the epistle to the Corinthians refers us Epistel an die Corinther thut, mit dem Artikel der Auferstehung in his sermon on the resurrection of the dead in's Feld und in Garten, auf dass wir sehen sollen, wie es da to the field and garden, in order that we may see there how zugeht mit dem Samen, und unsern Glauben von der Todten everything goes on with the seed, and increase our belief Auferstehung stärken lernen, mit dem Werke, so Gott durch in the resurrection, in beholding the works which seine Allmächtigkeit täglich übet an den Kreaturen. Damit the Almighty daily exercises towards his creatures. There begegnet er auch denen, die da über diesen Artikel scharf he meets also those, who make sharp inquiries on that fragen aus der Vernunft, wie es zugehen werde in der Aufer- subject, who argue and ask how it will be at the time of the re- stehung? Mit welcherlei Leibe die Todten kommen werden? surrection? In what shape will the dead appear? Wie sollte es zugehen, spricht er; siehe auf den Acker und im If you want to know that, he replies; look at the field and the Garten, wie es da zugeht, und lerne daselbst Gottes Allmäch- garden, and see how things are going on there, and learn there- tigkeit und Kraft, so er beweiset an den Kreaturen, welche er by God's almighty power, which he shows towards the creatures aus dem Tode herfür bringt und lebendig macht. Ein Bauer which he calls from life to death. Now a peasant gehet daher auf dem Acker, hat sein Tuch am Halse, darin goes to the acre, with his cloth in which he carries trägt er Weizen, Roggen, Gersten, etc. Und greift getrost his wheat, rye, and barley. And full of confidence he

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\* A sermon of Dr. Martin Luther, preached in the year 1544.

mit der Hand in der Samen, wirft um sich und besäet den  
 takes the seed and spreads it broadcast over the  
 Acker; hinter ihm her folget ein Knabe, der führet die Egge,  
 acre; he is followed by a boy, with a harrow,  
 und scharret den Samen, der gesäet ist, zu, dass er mit der  
 covering the seed just sown, carefully  
 Erde wohl bedeckt werde. Solchem Sämann wollen wir ent-  
 with earth. Now let us oppose to such a  
 gegen setzen einen groben Tölpel und unverständigen Narren,  
 seedsman a ruffian and fool,  
 der doch trefflich klug sein will, und wohl Gott im Himmel  
 who pretends to be very wise, and who would not scruple to  
 reformiren und meistern darf, wie man von dem Fuhrmann  
 criticise even his Father in heaven. Let us take, for instance,  
 Hanns Pfriemen, saget, dass er im Paredies alles habe wollen  
 Hanns Pfriemen, the waggoner, who, when arriving in Paradise,  
 ueberklügeln und meistern. Derselbe Hanns Pfriemen siehet  
 wanted to criticise everything. Now the same Hanns Pfriemen  
 den Bauer mit dem Tuch und den Knaben mit der Egge, fängt  
 sees our peasant with his cloth, and the boy with his harrow,  
 an und spricht: Lieber Mann, was machst du da? Bist du  
 and says: My good man, what are you about? Are you  
 auch klug? Du wirfst das gute Getreide in die Erde, hast du  
 in your senses? You throw all this good corn into the ground,  
 nicht daheim Kinder, Gesinde und Vieh die es essen können?  
 why have you not at home some children, servants, and cattle  
 Warum verderbest du denn das gute Korn so schändlich, und  
 who might eat it? Why do you spoil thus the good corn and  
 wirfst es in die Erde? Und hast dazu daran nicht Genüge,  
 throw it about? And not satisfied with acting thus,  
 sondern ein andrer folget dir nach, der zutritt und zudämnet  
 you are attended by another person, under the hoofs of whose  
 alles mit den Pferden, und scharret alles zu mit der Eggen.  
 horses the seed is trodden down, and harrowed about.  
 Was gehet dich an, dass du das feine Getreide so jämmerlich  
 Why do you thus spoil the beautiful grain



umbringest, dass es niemand zu Nutze kömmt? Wäre der so as to render it useless to everybody? Now if the Bauer ungeduldig und kurz angebunden, wie man solcher viele peasant were an impatient and ill-tempered man findet, die da heiss seyn vor der Stirn, und nichts leiden können;

as we find many of them,

so sollt'er wohl auffahren, und meinen Hanns Pfriemen gröbhe might get angry, and treat Hanns Pfriemen rather lich abweisen und sagen: Was hast du Narr mit mir zu roughly, and say, "You stupid, what is that to you? schaffen, gehe du deines Weges, lass mich zufrieden; sollt Be off, and leave me alone;" auch wohl einen Erdenklos nehmen, und solchen Meister perhaps he might even take a good clod, and throw it at master Klügel damit grüssen, dass er auf dem Rücken läge und die wiseacre, so as to throw him on his back, and Augen verkehrte, wie ein Ochse, den man jetzt schlagen will. make him turn his eyes like an ox about to be killed. Aber ein vernünftiger Bauer thut das nicht, sondern spricht: But a sensible peasant does not act thus, but says: Lieber, schweig stille, du verstehst jetzt nicht, was ich mache; "My dear, hold your peace; you do not understand what I am komm aber über ein halb Jahr oder Vierteljahr wieder, so will doing now; return again in six or three months, and I will ich dir alsdenn zeigen, was ich jetzt gemacht habe. Denn auf show you then what I have done." For by die Zeit wird ein jeglich Korn, so ich jetzt in die Erde werfe that time each grain which I am now throwing into the ground und säe, einen Halm mit einer dicken vollen Aehre bringen; and sow, will have produced a stalk with a thick full ear; alsdann werde ich für den Samen, so jetzt in die Erde geworfen and then I shall receive for my seed thrown now into the und zugescharret wird, zehenfältig, ja wohl zwanzig, dreissig-ground and harrowed over, ten, twenty, perhaps fältig wieder nehmen. Und dazu wird mir durch Gottes thirty-fold. And God's work will be thus

Werk dienen die liebe Sonne und der Regen, dass das Korn  
 assisted by his sun and rain, so that the corn  
 auf dem Acker aufgehe grüne und wachse. Dawider setzt sich  
 on the field may open, germ, and grow. To this,  
 Hanns Pfriemen und spricht: Ei, das ist nichts, was du vor-  
 Hanns Pfriemen replies: "I don't see that.  
 giebst. Ich sehe weder Halm noch Aehren, sondern sehe, dass

I behold neither stalk nor ears, but I see that  
 du das schöne Korn in den Dreck wirfest und es zuscharrest;  
 you throw the beautiful corn into the mud and cover it over;  
 wie sollt daraus etwas werden? "Sei du zufrieden," spricht der  
 how can anything come out of that." "Never mind," says the  
 Bauer, "also will ich's haben, dass das Korn in die Erde geworfen  
 peasant, "I want to see the corn thrown into the ground  
 und zugescharret werde; nicht dass es in der Erde verderbe  
 and harrowed; not that it should spoil  
 und umkomme, sondern dass sich's bewurzele und Frucht  
 and perish, but that it may take root and produce  
 bringe; darum bitte ich auch Gott, wenn das Korn gesäet ist,  
 fruit; for after having sown it, I pray God to  
 dass er Regen, Sonne und Wetter gebe, dass es zuerst in der  
 send his rain, sun, and fine weather, in order that the  
 Erde weich werde und verwese; darnach wenn es sich nun  
 seed may first become soft, and decay; and after having once  
 bewurzelt hat, aus der Erde wieder hervorbreche, wachse und  
 taken root, break through the soil, grow and  
 Frucht trage." Solcher Hanns Pfriemen und grober Narr,  
 produce fruit." "Now," says St. Paul, "you are just  
 spricht Sanct Paulus, bist du auch wenn du fragst, wie werden  
 such a John Pfriemen and fool when you ask how will  
 die Todten auferstehen? Denn wie es zugeht mit dem Samen;  
 the dead arise? For just as it is with the seed;  
 also gehet es auch zu mit unserm Leibe, der wird auch in die  
 so with our body, which is also sown into the  
 Erde gesäet. Denn obschon die Menschen auf mancherlei  
 ground. For although men die in

Weise umkommen, etliche ersaufen im Wasser, und werden various ways, some being drowned, some von den Fischen gefressen; etliche kommen an den Galgen eaten by the fishes; others die on the gallows und werden gefressen von den Raben, etliche werden mit and are devoured by the ravens, or perish Feuer verbrannt, etc. So fasset doch Sanct Paulus alles by fire, etc. Yet St. Paul comprises them all zusammen, und heisst solches alles: das Korn in die Erde under the same head; it is the throwing of the corn werfen und zuscharren, dass es seine Gestalt verliere. Kannst into the ground, in order that it may lose its original shape. "Can du nun, spricht er, solchen Glauben haben auf dem Acker dass, you now believe," he says, "that the wenn das Korn vor dem Winter gesäet und mit der Egge corn sown on the acre before the winter has zugescharret ist, über ein halb Jahr hernach, schön, jung, set in, should six months later reappear so beautiful and köstlich Korn dastehen werde? Solches lernst du aus der young, and have changed into delicious grain? Now experience Erfahrung, und liesest es in deinen Buch und in deiner Bibel, teaches you this, you read it in your book and in your Bible, nämlich, wenn Gott deine Arbeit segnet, Sonn, Regen, und that is to say, if God blesses your work, by sending sun, rain, Wetter gibt, dass der Same, den du gesäet hast, unverdorben and fine weather, the seed which you have sown will not sey, und zu dieser Zeit werde wieder lebendig werden und spoil, but will spring into life, and bring forth Frucht bringen. Unser Herr Gott ist ein guter Ackersmann; fruit. Our God is a good labourer in the field; der trägt uns alle in seinem Tuch das ist, in seinem Gesetz. who carries us all in his cloth, that is in his law. Weil wir alle Sünder seyn und Uebertreter seiner Gebote; so As we are all sinners and transgressors of his müssen wir auch alle sterben, ob wir schon nicht alle auf commandments, we must all die, though not all in the

einerlei Weise sterben, sondern einer stirbt auf dem Bette, am  
 same manner, for one dies in his bed, or of  
 Fieber, an der Pestilenz, etc. Der andre stirbt im Kriege in  
 fever, or of the plague, etc.; another dies in war or on  
 der Feldschlacht; so nimmt uns doch der Tod alle dahin, dass  
 the battle-field: thus death carries us all off, that  
 es alles keisst: Gott greift in sein Tuch streuet um sich wie der  
 we may well say: God scatters about his seed like the  
 Sämann, und sät uns dahin in die Erde. Wie du nun auf dem  
 seedsman, and sows us broadcast over the soil. Now as you  
 Acker glaubest, dass aus dem Korn, so in die Erde gesäet wird,  
 believe that something will come out of the corn sown upon  
 etwas werde; also sollst du auch hier unserm Herr Gott  
 this acre, you must also put your faith in the Lord,  
 glauben, dass aus dem verstorbenen Leibe, so in die Erde  
 and believe that out of the decayed body buried into the  
 gescharret wird, etwas werde. Denn unser Herr Gott scharret  
 ground something better will arise. For in burying our body  
 unsern Leib eben so wenig, (mit) der Meinung in die Erde,  
 into the ground, it is not God's intention that it should  
 dass er in der Erde bleibe, und ewig verwese, als (eben so)  
 remain there, and always decay, just as the  
 wenig der Bauer das Korn (mit) der Meinung in die Erde  
 peasant does not throw his corn into the  
 wirft, dass es da zunicht werde und verderbe; ja, es ist viel  
 ground, to be destroyed there; nay, it is  
 weniger Gottes Meinung, dass unser Leib ewig in der Erde  
 much less God's intention, to do so with our  
 bleibe, denn des Bauers mit dem Korn. Gleichwie das Korn  
 body as it is that of the peasant with regard to his corn. Just  
 (in) der Meinung gesäet und zugescharret wird, dass es seine  
 as the corn is sown and covered over, in order that  
 Gestalt verliere, dass man es nicht mehr kenne, dass man  
 it should lose its shape, and no longer be recognised,  
 weder Korn, noch eines Kornes Gestalt da sehe, und dafür ein  
 neither the corn nor its shape, and ultimately



schöner Halm aufwachse, der Frucht bringe ; also wird auch from this small grain a beautiful stalk should spring up and pro- unser Leib in die Erde begraben, dass es seine Gestalt verliere, duce fruit ; in the same manner will our body be buried, dass man weder menschlichen Leib, noch Leibesgestalt sehe that it may lose its shape, so that the original human form und dafür ein schöner klarer, lieblicher und lustiger Leib shall no longer be recognised, but in its stead a beautiful bright auferstehe in einem andern Wesen und Leben. Ja, sprichst lovely body may arise in another being and in another life. "But," du, wie können die todten Leiber aus den Gräbern gehen, weil you say, "how can the dead bodies proceed from the graves, sie verfaulet und zu Erde worden sind ? Wie ist das möglich ; when they have changed and become dust. How is that possible ?" Ei wie bleibest du doch immer ein Hans Pfriemen ; du meinst, "Ah, I see ; you are still the old John Pfriemen ; you think es sei unmöglich, darum, dass alle Menschen in der Erde ver- it impossible, because our bodies decay and faulen und verwesen. Aber siehe dein eigen Werk und Arbeit become dust. But look at your own work and labour an auf dem Acker ; du wirfst das Korn in den Koth, ver- in the fields ; you throw your seed into the muddy ground ! scharrest es, dass es verfaule, und wartest, bis der Winter you bury it in order that it may rot, and you wait until the winter vorüber sei, dass du es wieder sehest, viel schöner und reich- is past, in order to see it again more beautiful and more abun- licher, denn du es gesäet hast. Also musst du hier auch dant than when you did sow it. And thus you must also warten, bis der Winter vorüber sei, und der Leib wieder wait here upon earth until the winter is past, and the body auferstehe ; wenn er auferstehet, so wirst du sehen, wie er rises again ; and when it rises, you will see how it springs wieder hervorkommt. Dazu ist Christus mit seiner Auferste- up again. Therefore Christ with his resurrection has hung uns vorgegangen, und hat uns die Bahn gebrochen und preceded us, and broken the path, and prepared



den Weg gemacht, dass wir ihm nachfolgen sollen. Darum the road, in order that we may follow him. Therefore wir ja nicht an diesem Artikel zu zweifeln haben. Und zwar we should not feel any doubt on this point. All this nicht allein an dem Korne, sondern auch an andern Kreaturen is not manifested only by the corn, but we see it in other crea- zu sehen ist, wie das Leben aus dem Tode kömmt, durch tures how life springs from death, by the will of Gottes Geschöpf und Allmächtigkeit. Gehe hin zum Kirsch- God and his almighty power. Look, and behold the cherry- baum, greif sein Reislein an um Weihnachten; so findest du tree, seize one of its sprigs at Christmas time; and you will an dem ganzen Baum kein grün Blättlein, keinen Saft noch see neither leaf nor sap, nor Leben, sondern findest einen durren kahlen Baum, der eitel life; you will find but a dry stripped tree, todt Holz hat. Kommst du aber nach Ostern wieder, so the wood of which appears dead. Now if you return after beginnet der Kirschbaum wieder lebendig zu werden; das Easter, the cherry-tree begins to revive, the Holz ist saftig und die Reislein gewinnen Aeuglein und wood becomes juicy, and the little sprigs get little buds and Knötlein; näher Pfingsten werden aus den Aeuglein Sträuch- knots; after midsummer these knots change into little shrubs, lein, dieselben thun sich auf, und aus den Sträuchlein kommen they open, and out of them little white flowers weisse Blümlein. Wenn sich das Blümlein aufthut, so siehest begin to peep forth. When the flower has opened, you see du ein Stielchen; aus dem Stielchen kommt ein Kern, welcher a small stalk; out of this stalk comes a kernel härter ist, denn der Baum; inwendig in dem harten Kern, harder than the tree; inside the hard kernel wächst ein anderer Kern, nicht so hart, wie der erste Kern, grows another kernel, not so hard as the first, but sondern etwas weicher, dass er zu essen dienet, gleichwie das a little softer, so that it may be eaten just as

Mark im Bein wächst. Auswendig um den harten Kern  
 we see the marrow growing in the bone. Around this hard kernel  
 rings herum wächst die Kirsche, mit einer Haut überzogen,  
 grows the cherry, covered with a skin,  
 wie das Fleisch um das Beim wächst, und mit der Haut  
 just as the flesh grows round the bone, surrounded  
 umgeben ist, und wächst die Kirsche so fein lustig rund, dass  
 with its skin, and the cherry grows thus merrily on,  
 sie kein Drechsler so rund machen kann. Wie gehet das zu?  
 so that no turner could make it rounder. How is all this?  
 Dass durch das Reislein am Kirschbaum, welches um Weih-  
 The little twig of the cherry-tree, dry and dead like a  
 nachten dürr und todt ist, wie Besenreis, wächst ein Knötlein,  
 broomtwig at Christmas time, produces a little knot,  
 und aus dem Knötlein kömmt ein weisses Blümlein; aus dem  
 and out of this little knot comes a little white flower; and out  
 Blümlein kömmt ein Stielchen, und durch das Stielchen wächst  
 of the flower a little stalk, and through that little stalk grows  
 ein Kern; das bringt inwendig wieder einen Kern, und  
 a kernel; producing inside another kernel, and  
 auswendig eine Kirsche; das Stielchen is erstlich ein klein  
 on the outside a cherry; the little stalk forms at first a  
 Spitzlein im Blümlein, also dass man kaum mit einer Nadel-  
 little point in the blossom, so that scarcely the point of a  
 spitze hindurch stechen könnte; dennoch wächst herdurch  
 needle could pierce it, and yet a kernel finds  
 ein Kern, derselbe hat sein Mark, Fleisch, Blut und Haut.  
 its way through it with its marrow, flesh, blood, and skin.  
 Ist das nicht ein wunderbar Geschöpf Gottes? Keine  
 Is this not a wonderful creature of God? No  
 Kreatur kann solch Geschöpf also machen; kein Mensch, kein  
 man can produce such a creature; no king,  
 König, wie mächtig er auch sei; kein Doctor, wie gelehrt,  
 however mighty he may be; no Doctor, however learned,  
 weise und klug er sei, kann ein einziges Kirschlein schaffen!  
 wise, and gifted, is able to create a single little cherry!

Und wenn wir's nicht jährlich vor unsern Augen sähen, so  
 And if we did not see it every year before our eyes, we  
 glaubeten wir es nicht dass aus einem durren Reislein solche  
 should not believe that out of a dry twig should arise such a  
 schöne, liebliche Frucht, so wunderbarlich wachsen sollte.  
 beautiful, lovely, and wonderful fruit.

Darum, lieber Hanns Pfriemen, thu die Augen auf, siehe den  
 Therefore, my dear John Pfriemen, open your eyes, and look at  
 Kirschbaum an, derselbe wird dir predigen von der Todten  
 the cherry-tree, it will preach to you of the resurrection  
 Auferstehung, und dich lehren, wie das Leben aus dem Tode  
 of the dead, and teach you how life springs from  
 kömmt. Wenn der Kirschbaum reden könnte, so würde er zu  
 death. If the cherry-tree could speak, it would say  
 dir sagen: Lieber, siehe doch mich an zur Winterzeit; wie dürr,  
 to you: My dear! pray look at me in winter; look how dry,  
 wie kahl, wie unfructbar, wie gar todt ich bin, da findest du an  
 stripped, barren, and dead I am, without  
 mir weder Laub noch Frucht, weder Saft noch Leben; aber  
 leaves fruit, sap or life; but  
 komm wieder nach Ostern, so hab ich Saft und Leben, bin  
 return after Easter, then I have sap and life, then  
 weiss von Blüthe, grün von Blättern; komm um Margeretha  
 I am covered with white blossoms and green leaves; come  
 wieder, so habe ich reife Kirschen, und ist mir alle Welt hold;  
 again at Midsummer, then my cherries are ripe, and everybody  
 wer mich ansiehet, verwundert sich über mich und spricht;  
 looking at me likes me, seems astonished, and says;  
 Siehe dort, wie voll hänget der Kirschbaum, wie ein wunder  
 "O, look at that cherry-tree full of fruit! what a wonderful  
 (bare) Kreatur Gottes ist das? Ein Weib empfähet, träget,  
 creature of God? A woman brings forth  
 gebieret einen Sohn; derselbe hat Leib und Seele, wächset,  
 a son; who has body and soul; grows,  
 wird stark und gross, stehet, gehet, lebet und webet; fragest  
 gets strong and tall, moves about full of spirit and life, and you

du, woraus solcher Sohn komme? So saget die Vernunft  
ask, Whence came he? And reason, experience,  
Arzneikunst, Erfahrung, desgleichen auch Gottes Wort:  
and the word of God will answer,  
Dieses Sohnes erster Anfang sei ein Embryo. Wie gehet das  
This was first but an embryo. How does this  
nun zu? Dass aus einem kleinen embryo soll werden  
happen? That out of an embryo, a man  
ein solcher lebendiger, vernünftiger Mensch, so grosser Person  
full of life, gifted with reason, tall in person,  
und Länge, so scharfes Verstandes, so reicher Sinne? Sanct  
and possessing so many senses should have proceeded? St.  
Petrus, Paulus, Augustinus, Ambrosius, Johannes Huss, ich  
Peter, Paul, Augustine, Ambrosius, John Huss, I  
Doctor Martinus; woraus sind diese alle worden? Ist nicht  
Doctor Martin? what are we made of? Are we  
ihr erster Anfang ein embryo? Aber wir sind Hanns Pfrie-  
not all particles? No: I am afraid we are all like John Pfrie-  
men, die nichts verstehen noch merken wollen. Also ist dieser  
man, who will not see nor understand. Thus we see the  
Artikel von der Todten Auferstehung gewaltiglich erwiesen  
epistle of the resurrection of the dead is proved by the  
durch das Korn auf dem Felde, durch den Kirschbaum und  
corn in the fields, the cherry-tree, and  
andere Bäume im Garten, und endlich durch unser eignen Leib  
other trees in the garden, and, finally, by our own life  
und Leben. Wer es nicht glauben will, der fahre immer hin  
and body. Whoever will not believe it let him go,  
und bleibe ein grober Narr und Hanns Pfriemen.  
and remain a simpleton like John Pfriemen.

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We cannot pass over the period we are now allud-  
ing to without mentioning the "Volkslied," which  
flourished throughout the 14th, 15th and 16th cen-  
turies. Surprise has often been expressed that its

origin should date from a time, when the storm raging in the physical world, had also spread its gloom to the literary regions, a gloom little calculated to fill the heart with those glowing sentiments, and with that cheerfulness of mind which are the very source from which the people's poetry has always sprung. We must, however, recollect that if these essential conditions were wanting, others likely to favour and foster such tendencies existed; for it is precisely during periods of national adversities that the ties of fellowship are drawn closer, and that the heart longs for those sympathetic interchanges from which it derives consolation and support. The German citizens, at all times fond of social intercourse, were then also in the habit of meeting after the day's labour, and from these evening assemblies the German "Volkslied," which so to say is the joint production of all and the genuine expression of the people's weal and woe, has unquestionably derived its origin. So greatly have these "Lieder," in which we hear as it were the pulsations of the nation's heart, been appreciated, that the most celebrated poets of our classical age, have founded upon them their most beautiful productions. The hymn also dates from the 14th century, and it is remarkable that the didactic poetry of this period bears the character of the transition from the higher cultivated to the more popular style then prevailing.

Among the historians or rather the writers of *Chronics*, of that age, we mention Closener, Jacob Turer, Johann Riedesel, Eschenloer, Schilling,



Etterlin, and the Emperor Maximilian I, author of the "Weisskunig," a work containing the history of the Emperor Frederic III. and himself; Heinrich Seusse, Johann Tauler, Herrmann v. Fritzlar, Otto v. Passau, and Johann Geiler gained at that period distinction as writers of theological subjects.

It is not my intention to dwell on a period of our literary history, representing its decline. The exclusive study of the classics, so detrimental to our national literature, had now become the order of the day. We do not undervalue the importance of these classical pursuits, for the great deeds of the ancients, have always kindled noble feelings in the hearts of students, especially at an age when it is so susceptible of all that is elevated and patriotic; but we object to these studies being pursued to the exclusion of those branches of literature, which in our progressive age have so essential a bearing on the prosperity and happiness of mankind. We know how to appreciate the immortal works of the ancients, which by creating emulation among admiring generations, tend to promote the spread of refined taste, and foster progress; we know that the patriotic deeds of the Romans and Greeks, nay, even the mythological element that pervades their writings, must prove a wholesome antidote to the excesses of either despotism or fanaticism, provided that these classical writers are not used in an *exclusive* spirit, but as an incentive to everything intellectual, refined and progressive!

We shall conclude our remarks on the literary history of this period, by pointing out a characteristic feature in it; I allude to the number of satirical writers, for which it was especially distinguished. Among them we mention Rosenblüt, Volz, Hans Sachs, Johann Fischart called Menzer, Sebastian Brant and Thomas Murner.

Fischart, the author of the famous comical tale, "das glücklich Schiff von Zürich," describes therein the adventures of the honourable members of the Zürich Gunsmith club, during their boat excursion to Strassburg performed in one day. Among other comical productions we cite "Der Froschmäusler," by Rollenhagen, "Der Ganskönig," and the "War between the Ants and Moths," by Fuchs. "Das Narrenschiff," by Sebastian Brant, "Die Narrenbeschwörung," by Thomas Murner, and Fischart's "Gargantua and Pantagruel," after Rabelais, a work distinguished for graphic description and eccentricity of style, "Der Bienenkorb" by the same writer, in which he alludes in withering language to the follies of the age. We may say that the 16th century was essentially the age of literary Merry Andrews. To these productions belong Babel's "Facetiae," "Schimpf und Ernst," by Johann Pauli, "Wendunmut," by Kirchof, "Der Pfaffe von Kalenberg," by Frankfurter, and finally "Till Eulenspiegel," containing the quintessence of all the jokes of the travelling handicraftsmen. The book of the "Schildbürger" satirically alludes to the vulgar pride of the

chief citizens in the smaller towns : its contents were highly relished by the upper classes of society.

From this time also dates the legend of Doctor Faust, a person initiated in all the mysteries of witchcraft. Erasmus Alberus and Burkhart Waldis were distinguished as didactic poets, Paul Speratus, Nicolaus Decius, Eber, Herrmann, Schalling, Ringwald, Helmbold, Nicolai, Knoll, and Herberger, as writers of religious hymns, Sebastian Franke and Johann Agricola, for their collection of proverbs.

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Dramatic writing was utterly neglected at this period, for Hans Sachs and Ayrrer made but poor attempts in this respect ; *their* age, it is true, was hardly calculated to raise exalted feelings, yet the *past* was glorious and stirring enough to have furnished to the two most distinguished Latin poets of that time, Euricius Cordus and Cobanus Hessus, ample materials in order to display their genius on a vast *national* field.

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"Das Ambraser Liederbuch, vom Jahre 1582," by Joseph Bergmann.

"Ein Osterspiel des fünfzehnten Jahrhunderts," see Hoffmanns "Fundgruben." Wackernagel, Mone and Ettmüller have published some of the dramas of the middle ages.

"Kellers, Fastnachts-Spiele," contain extracts from Rosenblüt's and Hans Folz's comical sayings.

Hans Sachs and his works, written by himself.

Häslein, Becker and Büsching have published editions of Hans Sachs' writings.

Fischart's "Glückhaft Schiff," by Karl Halling.

Brant's "Narrenschiff," by Zarncke.

"Der Pfaffe von Kalenberg," see v. d. Hagen's "Narrenbuch."

"Das Buch vom Till Eulenspiegel," by Simrock and Lappenberg.

"Das Buch von den Schildbürgern," see v. d. Hagen's "Narrenbuch."

"Die Sage vom Faust," v. Raumer's "Historisches Taschenbuch."

Widman, Pfizer, v. d. Hagen, Düntzer and Peter have written on the same subject.

"Die Sage vom ewigen Juden," by Grässe. Matthias Paris, an English author, wrote on the same subject towards the middle of the 13th century.

I have here, for the convenience of the student, arranged an alphabetical list of those writers, who from that period up to the appearance of Klopstock, are deserving of notice, beginning with one, to whom Germany is much indebted for the perseverance with which he combated the prejudices of his time, and the zeal he showed to infuse a better taste into our national literature.

*A book of little practical value. It is an attempt to compress a large amount of matter in a small place*

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS.

**BODMER** (Johann, Jacob), 1698—1783, was born in the village of Greifenberg, near Zürich. After having acquired a profound knowledge of the classical writers of antiquity, whose spirit he was anxious to infuse into the German language, then so much neglected, he devoted himself with ardour to the study of English and French literature, evincing his appreciation of the former by translating Milton's "Paradise Lost" into German. For a considerable time he was engaged in a literary controversy with his contemporary Gottsched, who, although possessing a greater theoretical knowledge of our grammar, was inferior to him in taste, tact, and poetical genius. Among Bodmer's critical writings, his "Discourse der Mahler" and "Kritische Briefe" exercised a refining influence on our language. "Die Nochaide," twelve cantics written in German hexameters, is considered his best poem; it is full of spirit and vigour, but rather deficient in purity of style and harmony. He continued his literary labours to a very advanced age, and died in the year 1783.

**CRAMER** (Joh. Andreas), 1723—1788. Distinguished as a lyric poet, and one of the reformers of our language at a time when it was much neglected. The style of his writings, chiefly of a solemn character, is terse, vigorous, and harmonious. His best odes are those addressed to David, Luther, and Melancthon; he also published a collection of sermons, gave a metrical version of the Psalms, and gained much praise by his translation of Bossuet's "Histoire Universelle."

**DACH** (Simon), 1605—1659. A writer of devotional poetry; his most celebrated hymns are, "Ich bin ja Herr in deiner Macht," and "O, wie selig seid ihr doch, ihr Frommen."

**FLEMMING** (Paul), 1609—1640. One of the worthy contemporaries and imitators of Opitz. His poems, perhaps inferior in harmony to those of his prototype, are full of tenderness, and betray on the part



of the author a thorough knowledge of man, and a keen spirit of observation. The Merseburg edition of his poems of the year 1685, is considered the best.

**GÄRTNER** (Karl Christian), 1712—1791. Principal contributor to a periodical called "Die Bremer Beiträge," founded in the year 1742, in opposition to the partisans of Gottsched. His critical productions evince much acuteness and learning.

**GELLERT** (Christian Fürchtegott), 1715—1769. His writings, among which his fables occupy the most prominent place, are distinguished for correctness of expression and depth of feeling; though the style, compared with that of our modern writers, appears somewhat antiquated. Gellert was a popular poet in the true sense of the word, and in order to show how much his writings, and principally his fables, were relished by the public, we mention the following fact. One fine morning, a sturdy Saxon peasant drives up to Gellert's door, in order to offer to him his homage, represented in the shape of a cartload of fir-wood. "I have come, Sir," said our kind-hearted countryman, "to make you accept this wood as a small token of my gratitude; for I can assure you, Sir, that your fables have amused me and my wife Grete amazingly." This proof of genuine and spontaneous kindness caused Gellert greater pleasure than all the honours he might have received from a higher source, and indemnified him for the unjust attacks of his numerous critics. His fables, although not possessing intrinsic literary merit, have always enjoyed a certain privileged unassailability, respected even by the greatest and acutest critics, such as Göthe and Lessing. This is partly owing to the essentially popular character of his writings, but principally to the great respect and veneration in which he was held among his countrymen. Among his other literary productions, we mention the "Consolations for Valetudinarians," his "didactic poems," and a novel of much merit, called "The Swedish Countess." His dramatic works are of a subordinate character. His fame as a writer being chiefly

identified with his fables, I have added the following, which will convey to the reader the character of Gellert's style.

DER JÜNGLING UND DER GREIS.

THE YOUTH AND THE OLD MAN.

VON GELLERT.

BY GELLERT.

“Wie fang ichs' an, um mich empor zu schwingen?”

“How shall I manage to rise in the world?”

Fragt' einst ein Jüngling einen Greis.

Once asked a youth an old man.

Der Mittel, fing er an, um es recht hoch zu bringen,

The means, he said, in order to obtain fame

Sind zwei bis drei, so viel ich weiss.

Are two or three in number, as far as I recollect.

Sey tapfer! Mancher ist gestiegen,

Be brave. Many a man has risen

Weil er entschlossen in Gefahr

Because he was determined in danger,

Ein Feind von Ruh und vom Vergnügen

An enemy of repose and of pleasure,

Und durstig nach der Ehre war.

And only thirsting for honour.

Sey weise, Sohn! dem Niedrigsten auf Erden

Be wise, my son, the most humble upon earth

Ists' oft durch Witz und durch Verstand geglückt,

Has often by intelligence and skill got on so as

Am Hofe gross, gross in der Stadt zu werden;

To become great, in town and at court;

Zu beiden macht man sich durch Zeit und Fleiss geschickt.

By time and industry both may be effected.

Dies sind die Mittel grosser Seelen,

These are the means of superior minds;

Doch sind sie SCHWER; ich will dir's nicht verhehlen.

But they are difficult, I willingly admit.

“Ich habe LEICHTERE gehofft.”

“I expected an easier mode.”

Gut, sprach der Greis, wollt ihr ein leichtres wählen;

Well, said the old man, if you want to choose something easier,

So sey'd ein NARR; auch Narren steigen oft.

Be a fool, for fools often rise very high.

GERHARDT (Paul), 1606—1676. One of the most fertile writers of hymns, published under the name of “Geistliche Lieder;” they are exquisite for elegance

of style, depth, and truly poetical feeling. Among them we mention "Ein Lämmlein geht und trägt die Schuld," "Ich singe dir mit Herz und Mund," "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," "Nun ruhen alle Wälder," "Befiehl du deine Wege."

GESSNER (Salomon), 1730—1788. Unsurpassed as Idyl writer, whose style breathes the purity of that world of innocence he so beautifully depicts, they are full of sunshine, tenderness; a vast landscape, painted in beautiful language. His pastoral novel, *Daphne*, is an imitation of "Longus," just as his Idyls had been suggested by "Theocritus." We also mention his "Death of Abel," his two dramatic poems, "Evand" and "Erastus," and his "Letters on Painting."

GLEIM (Joh. Wilhelm), 1719—1803. The literary Nestor of the eighteenth century, equally distinguished as writer and as philanthropist. His extreme kindness of disposition had gained him the byname of "Father Gleim." He devoted himself principally to didactic poems, among which "Halladat," or "Das rothe Band," occupies the most prominent place; the first part of the poem treats on God, the second points out the duties of man towards his fellow creatures. A truly patriotic spirit pervades his "Lieder eines Grenadiers," in which the deeds of Frederic the Great are alluded to in glowing language. He also wrote numerous fables, epistles, and epigrams.

GOTTSCHED (Joh. Christoph), 1700—1744. The noisy representative of the Leipzig school, known for his long-sustained controversy with Bodmer, who represented that of Zürich. By his overbearing impertinence, he had constituted himself the literary dictator of his age, but his opponents ultimately succeeded in removing the self-created nimbus with which he had surrounded himself. His greatest merit consisted in being a sound grammarian, but he was utterly deficient in that tact and refinement of feeling which distinguished his far superior literary opponent, Bodmer. Gottsched contributed largely to a periodical called "The

Critical Journal," of which he became subsequently the editor; he lectured on the "Theory of Literary Art," translated Addison's "Cato" into German, published in the year 1734, "Erste Gründe der Weltweisheit," and wrote several poems not possessing any literary merit.

**GRYPHIUS** (Andreas), 1616—1664. One of the representatives of the first Silesian school of writers. Among his literary productions, which are of a devotional character, we mention his celebrated Church hymn, "Die Herrlichkeit der Erden muss Staub und Asche werden," and his "Kirchhofgedanken;" of his dramatic works, "Leo der Armenier," "Das Gesangspiel," "Das verliebte Gespenst," "Die geliebte Dornrose." The style of these latter productions is too florid and bombastic.

**HAGEDORN** (Friedrich von), 1708—1754. His lyric, historical, and didactic productions are less distinguished for novelty and elevated style than for clearness of expression, and terseness. A long sojourn in England had made him acquainted with the standard writers of that country, of whose works he gave several excellent translations in German. Of his prose works we mention "Betrachtungen über Malerei," of his poems the celebrated "Johann der Seifensieder."

**HALLER** (Albrecht von), 1708—1777. At a very early age already he evinced his genius in those poetical effusions descriptive of the picturesque and soul-stirring sceneries of his native land; they filled his ardent heart with that enthusiastic love for holy nature which pervades most of his productions, and, above all, his greatest poem, "The Alps." His elegy, "Auf den Tod Marianen's," possesses great merit. If in his novels, such as "Usong," "Alfred," "Fabius," and "Cato," we find here and there stylistic imperfections, we must attribute them partly to the neglected state of our language at that time, partly to the fact of his being a Swiss; this accounts for his phraseology not being always free from certain peculiarities inherent to the Swiss idiom.

**KÄSTNER** (Abraham Gotthelf), 1719—1800. A distinguished mathematician, whose didactic poems possess little less merit than his highly-appreciated epigrams. We cite here one directed against his critics: "Schnell wird ein Dichter alt, dann hat er ausgesungen; doch manche Critici die bleiben immer Jungen." (The word "Junge" has the double meaning of "youth," or "blockhead.") Kästner also enriched our literature with translations from the English, French, Dutch, and Swedish standard writers.

**LANGE** (Samuel Gotthold), 1711—1781.—The contemporary of Bodmer, Breitinger, Hagedorn, and Kleist. He translated Horace, and published "Horazische Oden," also "Learned and Familiar Letters," containing his correspondence with the above-mentioned authors.

**LAVATER** (Joh. Caspar), 1741—1801. His highly impressive imagination did not always keep equal pace with his mental faculties, which were of the highest order. We are struck with the beautiful colorite he imparts to his writings; all of which reflect the excellent heart of the author, and bear the stamp of sincerity. They are full of that which appeals to the heart and the imagination, but they do not satisfy the thinking reader, for they are deficient in depth. He was a kind of literary mesmeriser, among whose most relished productions we cite his "Physiognomical Fragments," "Views of Eternity," and "Schweizerlieder."

**LICHTENBERG** (Georg Christoph.) 1742—1799. The celebrated satirical writer and commentator of Hogarth's pictures. During his sojourn in England he published his "Briefe aus England," descriptive of the customs of a country, which could not but strike a keen observer like Lichtenberg. We mention his "Vermischte Schriften" and his "Comico-Physiognomical Fragments," a satire, directed against the pervading theories of Lavater, the style of which is unsurpassed for polish, withering sarcasm, and graphic description.



**LICHTWER** (Magnus Gottfried), 1719—1783. One of the most acute critical writers, of whom Lessing remarks, that his productions possessed the rare merit of perfection, as soon as they were issued from his fertile mind, to such a degree, that the most sagacious critic could not have detected a fault therein.

He is known also as fabulist, didactic poet, and writer of novels. Among his works we mention "Das Recht der Vernunft," "Der kleine Töffel," "Der Vater und die drei Söhne," "Der Kobold," and "Die seltsamen Menschen."

**LISCOW** (Christian Ludwig), 1701—1760. An acute satirist, whose productions were much relished at the time they appeared, but have now lost their interest. His attacks were principally directed against Gottsched, and a certain Sivers and Philippi, two obscure writers. His works have been published at Berlin by Karl Müller.

**LOHENSTEIN** (Daniel Caspar von), 1635—1683. The contemporary of Hofmanns Waldau, and greatly admired at a time when the foreign element ruled supreme over our literature. Lohenstein was one of the unworthy promoters of that anti-national tendency, of which his three dramas, "Ibrahim Basa," "Agrippina," and "Epicharis" bear witness, for these productions are but the excrescences of our literature.

**LOGAU** (Friedrich von), 1604—1655. Celebrated for his epigrammatic writings contained in a work published 1654. In graphical description, sentiment, conciseness, and ease, his style is considered superior even to that of Opitz, Flemming, and Griphius, the representatives of the same school. Ramler and Lessing republished his best epigrams in 1759.

**MOSCHEROSCH** (Hans Michel), 1600—1669. His principal work, "Gesichte Philanders von Sittenwald," contains a satirical allusion to the defects of his age; he castigates therein the prevailing tendency for exclusively classical studies; but in doing so, he fills his work with so many citations from both classical and foreign writers, that the reproach

directed against his contemporaries applies equally to himself. His first work contains the "Sieben Gesichte" (visions), "Schergenteufel," "Weltwesen," "Venusnarren," "Todtenheer," "Letztes Gericht," "Höllenkinder," and "Hofschule."

MÖSER (Justus), 1720—1794. An essay writer of distinction. His "History of Osnabrück" shows great research on the part of the compiler. He also was one of the few who opposed the anti-national tendencies of the writers of his age.

MOSHEIM (Joh. Lorenz.), 1695—1755. A distinguished divine and great classical scholar. His principal works are his "Ecclesiastical History," translated into English, "Moral Lessons deduced from Scripture," and his "Sermons," which are distinguished for elegance of style, and possess the highest literary merit.

MYLIUS (Christoph.), 1712—1754. A great naturalist, and recommended by Haller to George II., in order to form part of a scientific mission, which that king wanted to send to America. He died in London. His writings were collected by Lessing, and published in Berlin, in the year 1754.

OPITZ (Martin), 1597—1639. Martin Opitz was one of the few writers of his time who endeavoured to infuse a fresh spirit into our literature; his efforts ought to be the more appreciated when we consider what an amount of moral courage it required to face the many obstacles impeding the patriotic and noble exertions of our zealous countryman. Opitz became the founder of what has been called subsequently the Silesian school. His writings, although inferior in depth of conception and boldness of imagery, are remarkable for a correctness and vigour of style which excite our admiration. After having occupied for some time a professorship in the Gymnasium of Weissenberg, the Emperor Maximilian II. conferred on him the rank of knighthood and the title of Martin Opitz von Boberfeld. He died of the plague in the year 1639. Of his didactic poems, in which he chiefly excelled, we give the following:—

“AUF DEN ANFANG DES 1621<sup>STEN</sup> JAHRES.”

Wer dieses alte Jahr will recht und wohl vollenden,  
 Und nach dem neuen sich zu guter Stunde wenden ;  
 Der lege von sich weg der Eitelkeit Begier,  
 Die nicht hieher gehört und lobe Gott mit mir.  
 Es schwinge, wer da will, die sterblichen Gedanken  
 Hoch über seine Kraft ! Ich will mit nichten wanken  
 In dieser grossen Fluth ; will preisen eifersvoll  
 Den, dessen Tag kein Mensch ergründen kann noch soll.  
 Er hat aus lauter Nichts zum ersten wollen machen  
 Durch seines Wortes Kraft den Ursprung aller Sachen,  
 Den Klumpen der Natur : In dieser schweren Last  
 Lag alles, was jetzt ist, vermischet eingefasst.  
 Die Sonne fuhr noch nicht mit ihren raschen Pferden,  
 Der Mond nahm noch nicht ab, der schöne Bau der Erden  
 Hing noch nicht in der Luft, und das fischreiche Meer  
 Lief noch mit seiner Fluth nicht umdie Felder her.  
 Das Land stund unbewohnt, die See war nicht zu schiffen,  
 Der Luft gebrach ihr Licht, und alle Dinge schliefen ;  
 Es stritten wider sich, nass, trocken, warm und kalt,  
 Der ungemachte Klos lag öd' und ungestalt.  
 Drauf kam der helle Schein, liess nichts nicht mehr verborgen,  
 Auf Gottes Anbefehl. Er hat den klaren Morgen  
 Und Abend abgetheilt, und Weiss vom Schwarz getrennt,  
 Das Finsterniss die Nacht, das Licht den Tag genannt ;  
 Er hat rund um sich her das Wasser ausgespreitet,  
 Den köstlichen Pallast des Himmels zubereitet,  
 Den Donner, Reif und Schnee, der Wolken blaues Zelt,  
 Ost, Norden, Süd und West in seinen Dienst bestellt.  
 Ein jedes that sein Amt : die Ströme mussten fliessen  
 An ihrem Ufer her, die Bäche sich ergiessen,  
 Der frischen Brunnen Quell entspringet unverhofft  
 Mit lieblichem Geräusch aus tiefer Felsen Kluft.  
 Die Thäler grüneten, das Erdreich stund umgeben  
 Mit Blumen, trug sein Obst, das Feld die süssen Reben,  
 Und Oel und reifes Korn, und Kräuter mannigfalt ;  
 Die Bäume schlugen aus, die Hügel wurden Wald.  
 Es wuchse gleichfalls auch tief in dem Schoos der Erden  
 Das, welches halben wir zum meisten Feinde werden,  
 Das Gold, der Berge Marck, Stahl, Silber, Kupfer, Blei,  
 Der köstliche Demant, und Steine mancherlei.  
 Die Sonne setzte sich auf ihren goldnen Wagen,  
 Der Monde kam hervor, die Luft fing an zu tragen  
 Das schöne Firmament, die Sterne gingen auf ;  
 Ein jeglicher bekam sein Ziel und rechten Lauf.

Das Meer ward auch besetzt, das Heer der Fische schwommen  
 In Wassern klein und gross; der Wallfisch musste kommen  
 Und spielen auf der See, der Krebs kroch an das Land,  
 Der Hecht ging auf den Grund, die Muschel in den Sand.  
 Der Vögel leichtes Volk hub emsig an zu nisten,  
 Zu singen in der Luft, und in den stillen Wüsten ;  
 Ein jedes kam wohin, und brauchte seine Ruh,  
 Die Turteltaube nahm den Weg zur Ulme zu.  
 Die Schwalbe war bemüht, ihr artlichs Haus zu bauen,  
 Der grüne Papagei sich selber zu beschauen ;  
 Der Adler schwang sich hoch, die schöne Nachtigall  
 Liess hören ihre Kunst durch Wald, Feld, Berg und Thal.  
 Es gingen Vieh und Wild vermischet ohne Scheuen,  
 Das Schaf trat bei dem Wolf, die Gemse bei dem Leuen ;  
 Die Kuh lief in das Gras, der Hirsch in seinen Wald,  
 Sie lebten allesammt bei vollem Aufenthalt.  
 Und dies aus Gottes Kraft. Noch ein Thier war zu machen,  
 Der Vogt, der Oberherr und Pfleger dieser Sachen,  
 Der Mensch ; den schuf er auch sein rechtes Ebenbild,  
 Mit aller Herrlichkeit vollkommen und erfüllt.  
 Und da die andern Thier ihr Antlitz niederdrehen,  
 Schuf er den Menschen recht, den Himmel anzusehen,  
 Zu schauen an das Ort, nach dem er trachten soll.  
 Er stund gerecht vor Gott, war aller Weisheit voll.  
 O welcher Mensch vermag den Menschen zu beschreiben,  
 Und kann so überhoch die engen Sinne treiben !  
 Komm du, und leite mich, zu reden mit Bedacht,  
 O Seele der Natur, du hast ihn auch gemacht !  
 O edles Wunderthier, zur Weisheit auserkohren,  
 Voll Geist, voll Luft, voll Gott, vom Himmel selbst gebohren,  
 Du Herr, du Ebenbild und Auszug dieser Welt,  
 Der unter sich den Lauf der hohen Sonne stellt !  
 Du weise Kreatur, du hast alsbald erkannt  
 Geflügel, Fisch und Wald, ein jedes recht genennet.  
 Ach hättest du doch nicht so gröblich dich befleckt,  
 Und in der Sünden Wust die hohe Zier versteckt !  
 Nun hast du, da du jetzt in diesem schnöden Leben  
 Mit deines Leibes Last und Kerker gehst umgeben,  
 So feurigen Verstand ; wie wird dein heller Schein  
 Nach dieser Zeit so hoch, so ganz vollkommen seyn.

PYRA (Jacob Emmanuel), 1714—1744. One of the opponents of the Gottsched theories, who with his poetical genius would, without doubt, have attained a high position in our literature but for his early death. His poems have been collected by Lange, and published at Zürich, 1745.



**RABENER** (Gotthold Wilhelm), 1714—1771. A zealous promoter of our literature, to which he, with his contemporaries, Gellert and Gärtner, wished to impart a purer taste. His satirical letters, in which he attacks the infirmities of the age, show great powers of observation. In one of these letters he expresses the soundest views on education, and shows conclusively how it ought to be carried on in the universities. His advice in this respect, although given more than a century ago, might still prove useful to those entrusted with this important branch. Among his more entertaining writings we mention "Das Mädchen vom ersten April," "Das Deutsche Wörterburch," "Klims Todtenliste," and "Die Sprichwörter des Pansa."

**SCHEFFLER** (Johann.), 1624—1677. Also known under the name of "Angelus Silesius," was distinguished for his devotional poetry. In his "Epistle," called "Der cherubinische Wandersmann," he propounds doctrines diametrically opposed to those of the Silesian school; they are full of depth and poetical feeling, and possess so much literary merit, that in spite of some eccentricities, inherent to his style, Scheffler must be classed among the most prominent evangelical lyric writers of the 17th century.

**SCHLEGEL** (Joh. Elias), 1718—1749. At a very early age already he showed a taste for dramatic subjects, by translating the "Electra of Sophocles," and "Iphigenia," by Euripides, into German. His best dramas are, "Die Trojanerinnen," "Kanut," and "Herrmann." Lessing speaks very highly of his comedies, of which we mention "Der Triumph der guten Frau," and "Die stumme Schönheit." The literary merit of these productions is not great when compared with those of Lessing; but we must bear in mind the time at which they were written.

**SCHLEGEL** (Joh. Adolf.), 1721—1793. The father of the great August Wilhelm von Schlegel. He wrote several hymns, an ode to Klopstock, and a poem, "Die Unzufriedenen," distinguished for purity of style and fluency of language.



- SPEE** (Friedrich von), 1591—1635. His poems, which are of a devotional character, breathe intense fervour and piety; he called them "Trutznachtigall," and in fact they remind us of those pure sounds of nature we so much admire in the Minnelieder. In 1631 appeared his "Cautio Criminalis." His "Trutznachtigall" has been republished by Clemens Brentano, Hüppe, and Junkmann.
- SPENER** (Philipp Jacob), 1635—1705. Remarkable for his theological writings: he was the head of a sectarian community which ultimately joined that of the United Brethren, a sect expelled from Moravia, and afterwards established at Herrnhutt, in Upper Lusatia. Among Spener's writings we mention his "Sermons," "Insignum Theoria," and "Pia Desideria."
- STURZ**, (Helfereich Peter), 1736—1779. In biographical composition he occupies a very prominent place, and evinces the elegance of his style in his principal work, "Erinnerungen aus dem Leben des Grafen von Bernsdorff," also in the "Die Königswahl," and "Briefe aus England und Frankreich."
- UZ** (Johann Peter), 1720—1796. Distinguished for his versatility in literary composition; his style being at once sunny like that of Gleim, and austere and solemn like that of Klopstock, by whom he was highly appreciated. His productions, among which his "Odes" rank highest, are remarkable for elegance and purity of language, and show at once that the author had thoroughly studied the classical writers of antiquity, of whom Horace seems to have been his principal favourite. Among his most celebrated Odes we cite, "An die Deutschen" and "Das bedrängte Deutschland."
- WEISSE** (Christian Felix), 1726—1804. One of the old pillars of our literature, and a practically useful labourer in the field of education. His exertions in this branch, for which the urbanity of his manners, his kindness and equanimity of temper especially fitted him, have been immense. His literary productions are remarkable for elegance and dignity of language. He was less successful in

his dramatic efforts. "Jean Calas," a tragedy, forms perhaps the only exception in this respect. His principal literary fame he earned as author of "Der Kinderfreund." and "Briefwechsel der Familie des Kinderfreundes." For a considerable time Weisse was chief editor of the "Bibliothek der schönen Wissenschaften und Künste."

**WILLAMOW** (Johann Gottlieb), 1777. Cultivated successfully the dithyramb, and introduced the dialogue into his fables, by which more life is imparted to the subject.

**WINCKELMANN** (Johann Joachim), 1717—1768. Of very humble origin, founder of the School of Art criticism. Having, after a long sojourn in Italy, devoted himself to his favourite study, he published his great standard work, "Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums," not only distinguished in a literary point of view, but evincing at the same time, on the part of the author, deep research, complete mastery over the subject, and the fervent enthusiasm with which he had pursued his favourite studies.

**ZACHARIÄ** (Friedrich-Wilhelm), 1726—1777. A great admirer of the English standard writers, of whom Thomson was his favourite. Zachariä's "Tageszeiten," possess great literary merits; nothing can excel the tenderness of feeling, and purity of language, in which he describes the "evening" in this, his greatest effort, so worthy of his prototype. The glow of the setting sun on a beautiful summer eve is spread over his poem. He also wrote a parody on Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and a poem called "Der Renommist."\* Of his descriptive poems we mention "Das Schnupftuch," much appreciated at the time he wrote it.

**ZIMMERMANN** (Johann. Georg von), 1728—1795. A keen observer, who, with the soundest judgment and the most extensive literary knowledge, combined the rare faculty of giving utterance to his conceptions in language at once terse, lucid, and elegant. In this respect he occupies, probably, the first rank as

\* Slang term used at the German Universities for brag, bravado, bully, duellist.

stylistic writer. Some, however, have reproached him for being paradoxical, and displaying at times a studied brevity of style. His greatest work, "Ueber die Einsamkeit," shows his mental faculties in all their brilliancy; it is a highly instructive work full of excellent maxims. The first part points out the instinct of sociality inherent to man, the second describes the charms of solitude.

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We must for the present interrupt our literary sketch. We have reviewed rapidly, I am afraid very rapidly, the various historical phases of the literature of Germany; we have endeavoured to penetrate those regions almost as impenetrable as Germania's virgin forests; a glimpse of mental light has appeared here and there, feebly but steadily increasing, and shining forth so brightly in the Minne-gesang; we have breathed a less genial atmosphere in the Meistergesang; clouds have then obscured the sky, to be followed by that mental chill which pervaded throughout the middle ages; the benign rays have reappeared again with Luther, that glorious reformer of our language; till at last the light, slowly but steadily struggling through the mists, has flashed in its brilliancy upon the eighteenth century with Klopstock, the first of that host of literary stars which, if health permit, I shall endeavour to point out to the reader in the second part of my review.













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